e ELECTION
N INTERPRETATION

BY PRESIDENT-ELECT
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

DEC. 10,
1932

Liberty

5¢

Printed in Canada

1
Leslie Thrasher

Beginning – **HELL HOUNDS!**

The First Inside
Revelation of
the Foreign Legion

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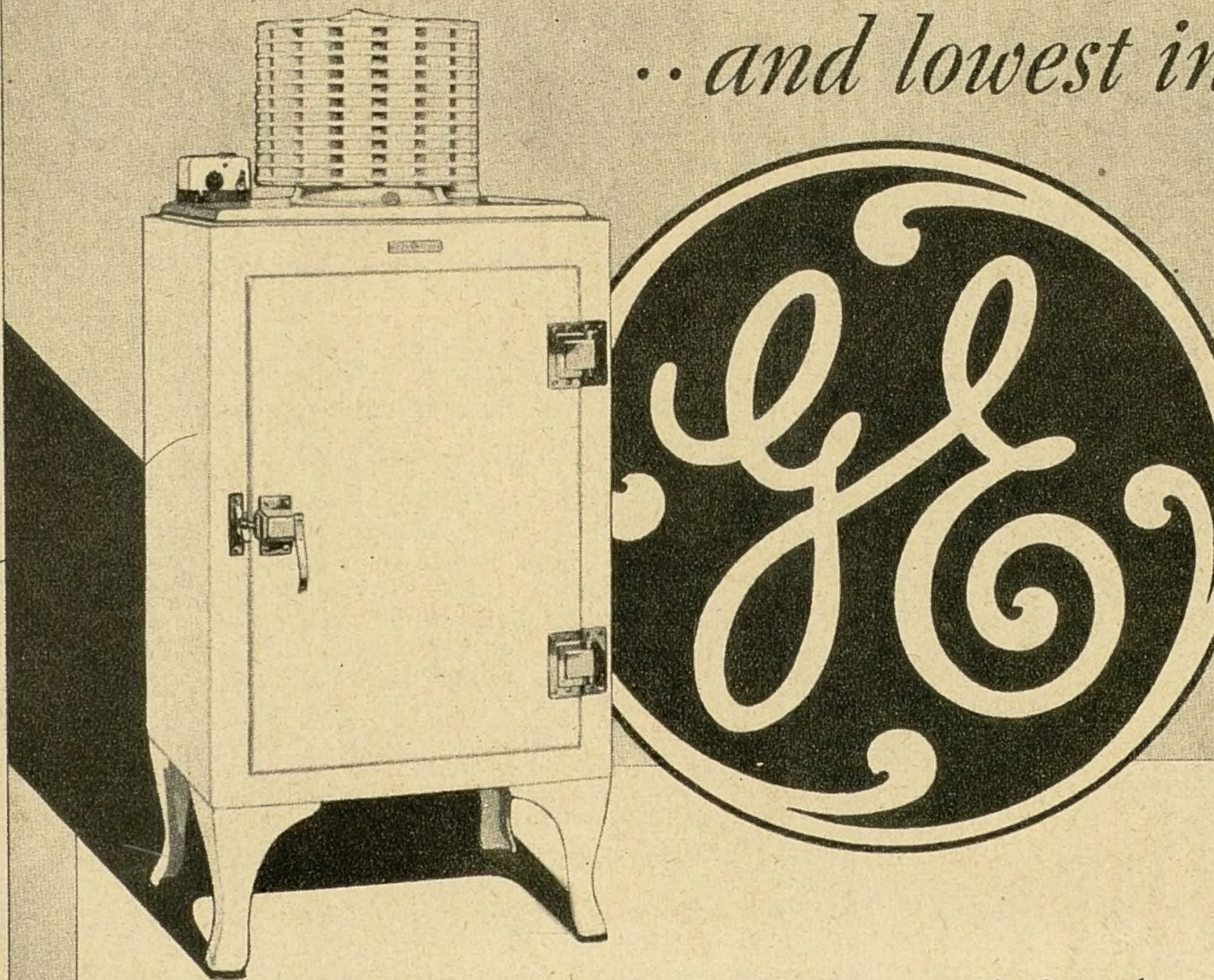

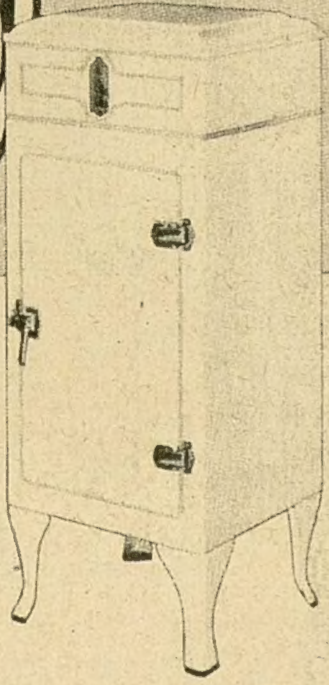

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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly
December 10, 1932 Vol. 9, No. 50

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

CANADA'S GENIE OF THE LAMP

Aladdin's wonderful lamp never conjured into being magic forces a thousandth part as potent as those unleashed by the Canadian housewife each time she flicks an electric switch. With one finger on a prosaic push button, she nonchalantly draws upon the strength of 6,666,337 horses each day.

The Canadian housewife is commander in chief of the greatest cavalry unit the world has ever known. Canada's total electrical horsepower units of over six and one half million would present a real problem to our government if some miracle transformed them actually into flesh. They would require a ranch as large as Ontario. They would require 80,000 tons of hay and grain daily to sustain them. A third of our total population would be required as grooms and stable keepers. And if they were marshaled into single file, head to tail, there would be an unbroken line of horses for 12,600 miles.

Those slender threads of copper borne by telegraph pole and transmission tower are fully as dramatic as the race tracks of the ancient charioteers. Thundering over their flimsy lengths are tamed horses which have leaped from cataclysms in a hundred Canadian waterfalls.

The Pharaohs of Egypt brought a whole nation into slavery. The giant pyramids still stand as a monument to the years of ceaseless toil which the children of Israel spent in their erection. The people of Canada have at their command an army of electrical slaves which in one short hour could destroy every vestige of the Israelites' labor.

The Canadian people have realized the great boon of electricity in removing the drudgery of household tasks. Today 72 per cent of all the homes in the Dominion are wired for electricity.

A giant dining-room table 237 miles in length would be required to sustain the weight of well cooked food produced three times each day on the 210,000 electric ranges used in Canadian homes.

A space of several square miles in area would be required on which to lay each week's freshly ironed laundry, smoothed out by 1,260,000 industrious electric irons.

One hundred and seventy-five tons of dust are collected each time 350,000 vacuum sweepers are put to use in Canadian homes.

A huge loaf over 111,000 times as large as the conventional baker's size is electrically toasted each morning in 560,000 homes in Canada.

A sperm whale could enjoy a comfortable hot bath in the five million gallons of water electrically heated in 84,000 homes.

Three hundred and fifty thousand washboards are as extinct as the dodo in Canadian homes, due to the wizardry of electrical washing. If all these abandoned washboards were laid side by side they would comprise a total scrubbing area of 2,100,000 square feet.

And it has been during one generation that all these phenomenal changes have occurred. In 1893 Canada timidly embarked on her first power project. The installation was made on the Batiscan River and delivered 1,200 horse power to the city of Three Rivers, Quebec.

At the present time Canada is not surpassed by any country in the world in hydroelectric development. The Queenston plant of the Hydro-electric Power Commission is the largest completed unit in the world.

Today, in the homes of rich and poor alike, electricity is Canada's most willing and economical servant. To the poor in particular is electricity the greatest boon. In Manitoba the rate is as low as 1.10 cents per kilowatt hour for domestic use; in Ontario, as low as 1.75 cents. Contrast these charges with the United States' average of 6.03 cents per kilowatt hour.

Canada has invested $1,138,200,016 in 587 electrical power plants—an average of $113.82 for every man, woman, and child in the Dominion.

The extent of Canada's developed horse power of over six and one half million units staggers the imagination. But it should be a source of comfort to every Canadian to know that the present developed horse power represents only 15 per cent of Canada's total water-power resources.

It is to be hoped that Aladdin and his genie are not reincarnated in this present age. Poor fellow, he might frantically rub his lamp away and kill his faithful genie with exhaustion before all of his miracles could compare with the most trivial workaday task of the modern genie of electricity.

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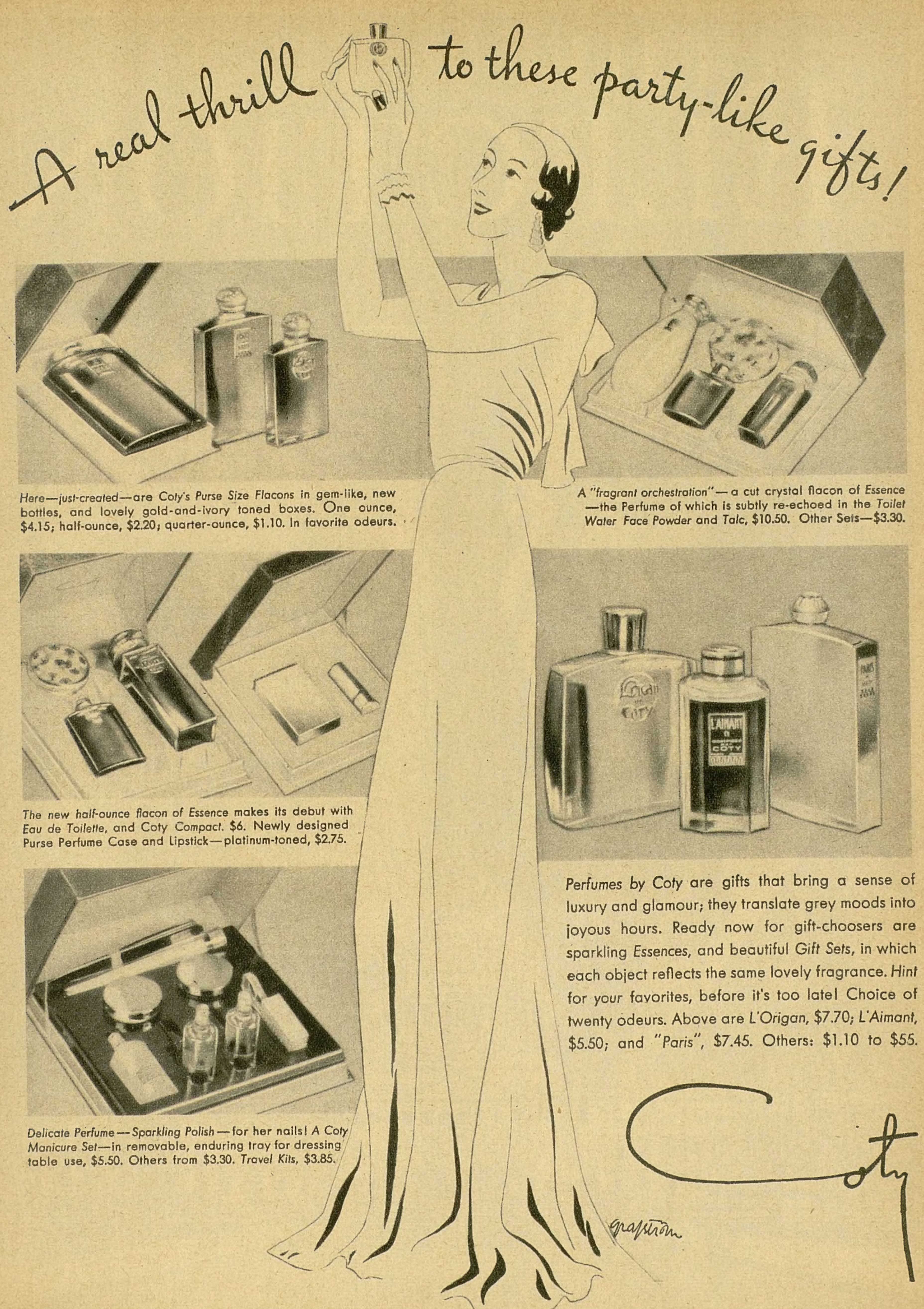
A real thrill to these party-like gifts!
L'AIMANT
COTY

Here—*just-created*—are Coty's *Purse Size Flacons* in gem-like, new bottles, and lovely gold-and-ivory toned boxes. One ounce, $4.15; half-ounce, $2.20; quarter-ounce, $1.10. In favorite odeurs.

A *"fragrant orchestration"*—a cut crystal flacon of *Essence*—the Perfume of which is subtly re-echoed in the *Toilet Water Face Powder and Talc*, $10.50. Other Sets—$3.30.

The new *half-ounce flacon of Essence* makes its debut with *Eau de Toilette*, and *Coty Compact*. $6. Newly designed Purse Perfume Case and Lipstick—platinum-toned, $2.75.

Delicate Perfume—*Sparkling Polish*—for her nails! A *Coty Manicure Set*—in removable, enduring tray for dressing table use, $5.50. Others from $3.30. *Travel Kits*, $3.85.

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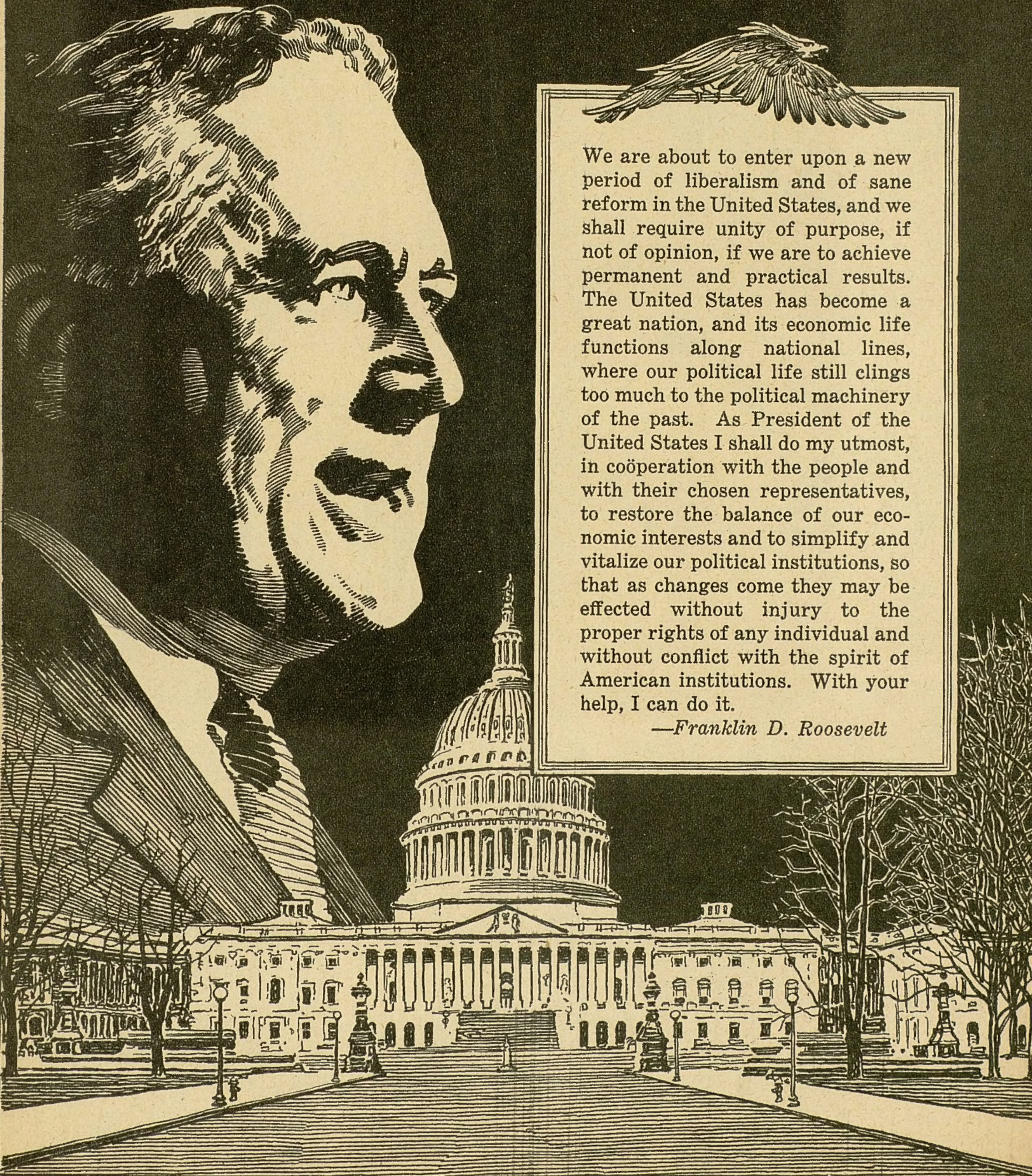
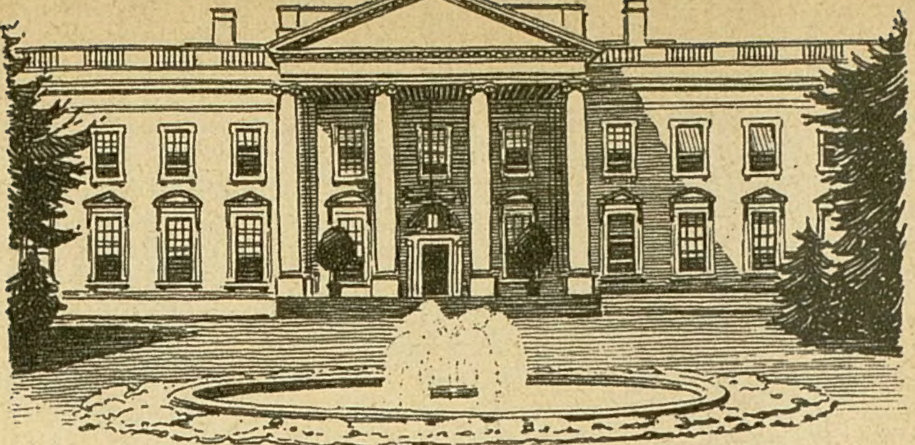
Coty

THE ELECTION



We are about to enter upon a new period of liberalism and of sane reform in the United States, and we shall require unity of purpose, if not of opinion, if we are to achieve permanent and practical results. The United States has become a great nation, and its economic life functions along national lines, where our political life still clings too much to the political machinery of the past. As President of the United States I shall do my utmost, in coöperation with the people and with their chosen representatives, to restore the balance of our economic interests and to simplify and vitalize our political institutions, so that as changes come they may be effected without injury to the proper rights of any individual and without conflict with the spirit of American institutions. With your help, I can do it.

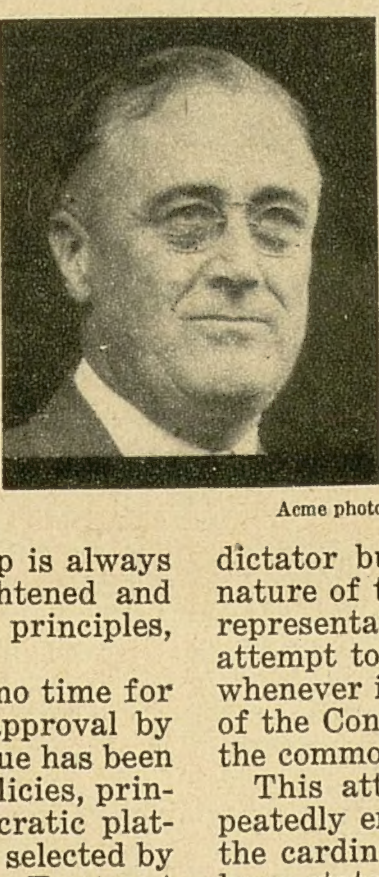
—*Franklin D. Roosevelt*



An Interpretation

By President-Elect FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

(Reading time: 11 minutes 55 seconds.)



Acme photo

NO one who is elected to the Presidency of the United States can fail to realize that the honor and responsibility thus imposed upon him is larger than a mere expression of individual preference or of party loyalty. In this particular election, this larger interpretation of the result of the election is still more noteworthy. The vote of November 8 was an expression of the determination of the people of the United States, of all groups and parties, to meet the depression boldly and to give the American people a new deal in their political and economic life. It presents a call for constructive statesmanship; and the essence of constructive statesmanship is always the capacity of a leader to enlist the enlightened and practical coöperation of all men of liberal principles, progressive ideas, and true patriotism.

In the face of this responsibility, there is no time for complacency or for gratification in the disapproval by the voters of Republican leadership. That issue has been settled. It has been settled in terms of the policies, principles, and promises embodied in the Democratic platform, and in the expression of the candidates selected by the convention responsible for that platform. Foremost among the policies I have emphasized is the invitation that I extended to forward-looking men of all parties to enlist in a common cause. This invitation made it clear that Republicans dissatisfied with the quality of leadership established in their party might, by joining common cause with the Democratic candidates and their party, find realization of the principles and ideals that these liberal Republicans have fought so hard to obtain.

The response of these forward-looking Republicans has shown how clearly the appeal has met the needs of the times. The verdict of the voters confirmed the rightness of this position.

It goes without saying that in the relations that may be expected between the executive and the legislative branches of the government this principle will be realized. I hope to coöperate with the whole Congress—[illegible] Republicans alike. I expect to [illegible] Congress as the coördinate branch of the government that it was intended to be. Those who so freely offer criticism of the Congress forget that the most distinct reason why this country is a republic is that it has a representative legislature. To quarrel with this constitutional fact is to take issue with the republican principle upon which the nation is founded. The Constitution, however, clearly contemplated that the Presidency might, without overstepping its proper functions, provide a degree of leadership for the varied points of view represented in the Congress. This leadership it shall be my primary purpose to provide, exercised not in the spirit of a dictator but in the spirit of one who, because of the nature of the office that he holds, is in a peculiar degree representative of the entire people. I shall, therefore, attempt to provide, through consultation and discussion whenever it is necessary, a means by which the purposes of the Congress may be brought into clearer focus upon the common problems of the nation.

This attitude toward the Congress is, as I have repeatedly emphasized in the campaign, in harmony with the cardinal principle of economic rehabilitation that I have stated so often. This is, in effect, the principle that the economic life of the country, representing as it does diversified population and interests, can best be brought into harmony through wise and judicious and temperate national leadership through the government at Washington. There have been administrations in the life of the country which have represented only a part of this great union of interests, and, unfortunately, at times a very special and narrow interest. The character of the vote at the recent election makes it clear that the mandate imposed upon me is truly national in scope. It has been my claim that much of the difficulty through which we have passed recently is the direct result of political failure to grasp the fact of economic interdependence.

The interests of labor and industry cannot be promoted at the expense of agriculture; neither can capital reach a condition of true prosperity without at the same time offering a more legitimate share to labor. Any neglected group, whether of agriculture, industry, mining, commerce, or finance, can infect our whole national life and produce widespread misery. My administration shall be devoted to the task of giving practical force and the necessary legislative form to the great central fact of contemporary American life, viz., the interdependence of all factions, sections, and interests of this great country. I believe in a higher conservation which seeks to provide work and economic security to the mass of the people in order that they may be free to live and develop their individual lives and seek happiness and recognition without inflicting injury upon their fellow citizens.

Those whom I shall call upon to join me in bearing the responsibilities of this administration will, as a matter of course, be devoted to the spirit of the Democratic platform and the principles of action which I have set forth. The wealth of competence and liberalism which the Democratic cause this year has enlisted affords a bright prospect for the future of the public service of this country. The difficult tasks that face us will, we may be assured, be met with competence, harmony, and integrity under the principles of liberalism.

In my campaign addresses I outlined the general principles which I propose for a new deal in the United States. I have made clear, not only through general principles but with such degree of definiteness as time and opportunity permit in a political campaign, the specific measures that should be taken for the restoration of agriculture, for the rehabilitation of the railroads, for a national policy respecting the conduct of utilities, for a tariff policy designed to restore our foreign trade, for the relief of unemployment, for the protection of investors against fraud and dishonest speculation, and for the adoption of an honest and balanced budget.

It was not my purpose to provide, through the enumeration of these, an exclusive list of the problems that face the country. These have been in the foreground because their solution is the most insistently necessary thing, and the issues as between our own policies and those of the opposition were most clearly defined with respect to these.

In moving toward the settlement of these problems, the drafting of appropriate legislative measures, in coöperation with the leaders of the Congress, will be the first practical task of my administration. It goes without saying that the most urgent of all these measures must be the immediate relief of unemployment, and at the same time the adoption of long-range measures to prevent the recurrence of this terrible scourge. To trifle with this national necessity is to betray the confidence that the people have imposed upon us. Actual starvation must be prevented at all costs.

THE relief of agriculture and the restoration of the farmers' purchasing power is a task of the utmost importance. I have already outlined long-range policies which will form the basis for legislation designed to put these policies into effect. The most immediate of the problems relating to agriculture will be the relief of the farmer from the burden of his debt. There are agencies now operating which, properly administered, can contribute to this end. This is an immediate practical measure which must be taken if we are to avoid further economic disruption.

Immediately related to this is the necessity for getting under way a national agricultural plan, the outlines of which I have set forth. Certain aspects of this will offer very substantial opportunities for the absorption of a part of the army of the unemployed. I have specifically advocated measures to make the tariff effective on agricultural products, and I said that the details of this plan would be worked out through coöperation with farm leaders and others. I shall avail myself immediately of the counsel and advice of these leaders in a resolute attack upon a problem that has been waiting for a decade for solution.

The rehabilitation and consolidation of railways, the establishment of a national transportation policy, proper regulation of security and commodity exchanges are also problems that require immediate consideration. Foremost, too, comes the task of bringing to the consumer electric power at a fair cost and, primarily, in order that the rates charged for this indispensable modern commodity may be determined by scientific accuracy, the development by the national government, under government ownership and control, of the four great power resources in the four corners of the country—Muscle Shoals, the St. Lawrence, Boulder Dam, and Columbia River.

The achievement of this great national purpose should be a major concern of this administration. To bring it to fruition will be one of the outstanding achievements of American statesmanship. It will bring better service and lower rates to the homes of millions of American people. It will make living easier for every American man and woman.

AS to the tariff, the main purpose to be kept in mind is the restoration of normal foreign trade. To achieve this now, it is necessary to bring about international action, and I consistently advocated doing this through reciprocal tariff agreements with other countries. A necessary factor in bringing about any tariff change, either by agreement or by legislative act, is the restoration of the Tariff Commission to the purpose and character contemplated by President Wilson when the Tariff Commission was created in 1916. The personnel of such a commission should be so worthy of respect that its determinations will bear the impress of high and impartial economic statesmanship transcending the petty necessities of only local concern.

Vastly important to the restoration of American economic life is a reduction in the cost of government, national, state, and local.

In order to clarify my position on this subject, which during the last days of the campaign the opposition sought to confuse, let me state that a reduction in the operating expenses of government ought to be brought about by drastic cuts in the bureaucracy that has grown up in Washington. Not only this but many functions now performed by the federal government must, in the face of such necessity as we now have before us, be eliminated.

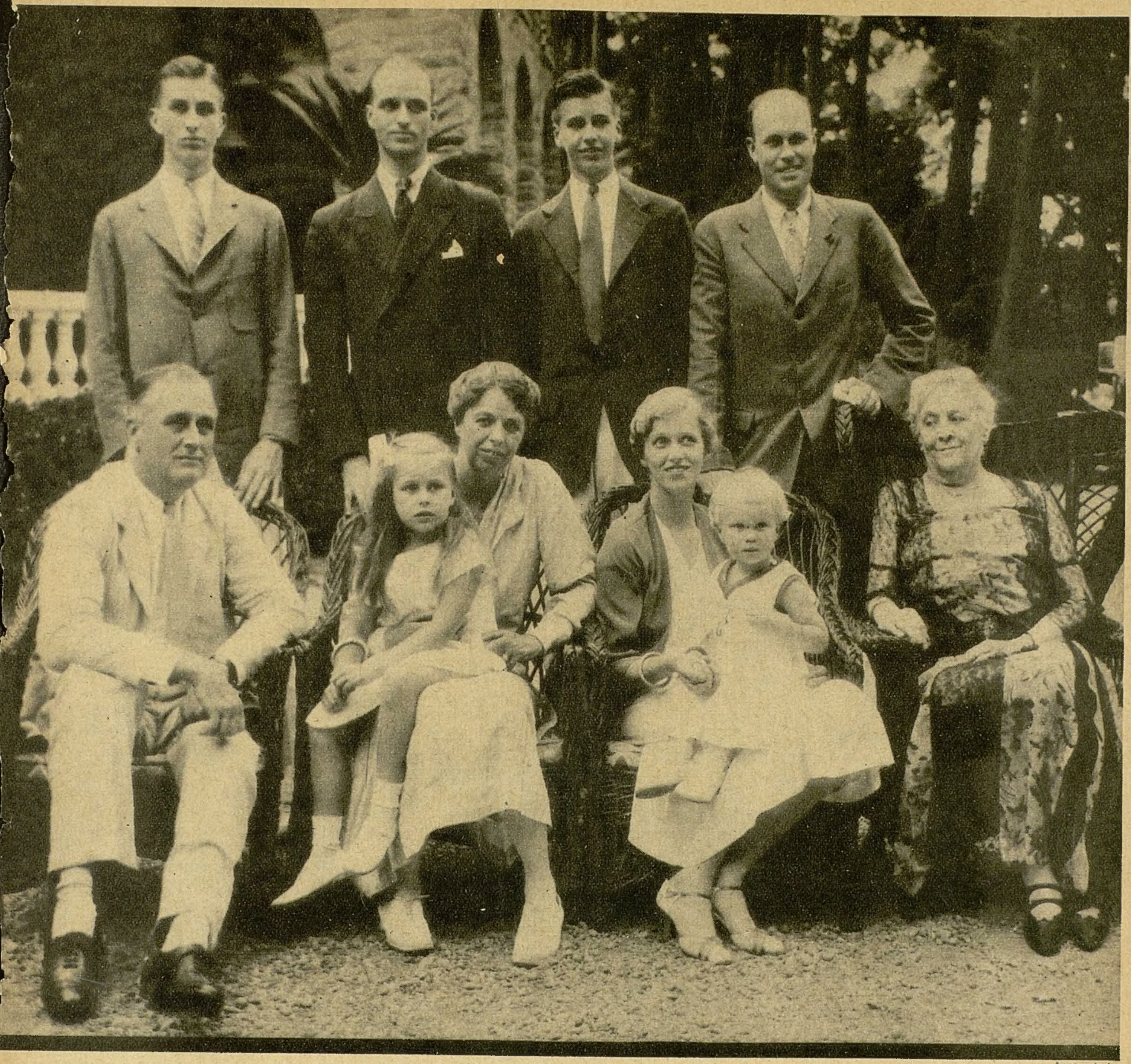
We face the need of deciding not merely what is good to do, but what is indispensable. To this end I shall require as a fundamental duty the loyal and complete coöperation of every appointee over whom I have authority, not only to the end that the running expenses of departments and bureaus may be reduced, but that, where necessary, agencies of administration themselves must be consolidated.

The new administration has pledged itself to the fulfillment of the principle embodied in the Democratic platform that the Volstead Act must be modified. This will provide a sorely needed addition to the taxable resources of the government. It goes without saying that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, in line with the purposes of the Democratic platform, will be recommended to the Congress.

With respect to the reduction of state and local taxes the federal government has little or no constitutional authority, but custom and precept can be brought to bear to achieve this end. I have served as Governor of New York and as an active member of the Conference of Governors; through a sympathetic and active contact between governors and the President much can be accomplished in the reduction of local and state expenditures.

Every means that a President has of focusing public opinion upon the necessity for a more economical and efficient local government will be used. I shall take it as a mandate from the people to further, through every means that my position affords me, this necessary relief of the American taxpayer.

Our relations with foreign nations transcend the mere give-and-take of traditional diplomatic intercourse. Many of our great economic problems have become of necessity questions of international concern. One of these I have already mentioned, the tariff. There are many others, among which must be included the consideration of the great international question of



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The President-elect and his family. Mrs. Roosevelt holds their granddaughter, Anna Eleanor Dall. Also seated are their daughter, Mrs. Dall, holding Curtis Roosevelt Dall, and Mrs. James Roosevelt, the mother of the President-elect. The young men standing are, left to right, three of his sons, Franklin D., Jr., James, and John Roosevelt, and his son-in-law, Curtis Dall.

All of these pertain to the spirit and method of our foreign relations. We cannot wage a tariff war, for example, and expect a friendly spirit on the part of our neighbors in the world. Not only through a fair and frank international consideration of these international economic questions but through a generally friendly attitude manifested in all of our dealings with foreign countries can we improve the present status of world relations. The facts, and not the terms that people apply to the facts, count in foreign relations, and it is in harmony with these facts that I expect to build my foreign policy.

I APPEAL to my fellow countrymen, and especially to the millions of liberals, progressives, and men and women of independent judgment, to coöperate with me in a patriotic endeavor to promote the welfare of the American people and the welfare of the world of which the United States is an important part.

We are a generation overdue in political and economic reconstruction; we confront great difficulties—many of them the result of our own past mistakes. We are about to enter upon a new period of liberalism and of sane reform in the United States, and we shall require unity of purpose, if not of opinion, if we are to achieve permanent and practical results.

The United States has become a great nation, and its economic life functions along national lines, where our political life still clings too much to the political machinery of the past.

As President of the United States I shall do my utmost, in coöperation with the people and with their chosen representatives, to restore the balance of our economic interests and to simplify and vitalize our political institutions, so that as changes come they may be effected without injury to the proper rights of any individual and without conflict with the spirit of American institutions.

With your help, I can do it.

THE END

BEGINNING

Hell Ho

THE FIRST INSIDE REVELATION OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

(Reading time: 32 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART ONE—THIRTEEN AGAINST THE RIFFS

THIS is an indictment of the French Foreign Legion. It is written in the centenary year of the Legion. God alone knows what havoc among men this bloodthirsty body has wrought in the past hundred years! No man may think of its crimson history without feelings of loathing and disgust against the organization that tolerates and perpetuates such a tradition of savagery. As one who has been a Hell Hound among Hell Hounds in the Legion, I accuse the responsible French military authorities of fostering and maintaining a fighting force the name of which, as they know, must be a stench in the nostrils of decent men the world over. I accuse them of encouraging a tradition which can only make inhuman brutes of men; which spreads disease, destruction, and death wherever it moves.

Then why did I join the Legion? I must answer that very natural question by asking another. Would any man join the Legion if he knew just what it meant? It is impossible to know the Legion without serving in it. It is equally impossible for any man to tell the whole truth about it after serving in it. For there are many phases of that hell on earth which cannot be described in cold print. I can but give my own censored experiences.

I endured that living hell for five years—before I managed to escape. Three and a half of those years were spent in the Legion proper, and eighteen months in twenty-two French prisons. It is not my intention to give an account of the brutalities experienced in each of those prisons. Such a recital would be too monotonous. Nor shall I dilate at any length on the barrack life of the Legion, since that is by now fairly well known.

This account is largely concerned with the various engagements in which I took a part. It is concerned with the Legion in the field, in action, fighting battles and defending outposts on both the Moroccan and Syrian frontiers. Not all the engagements in which I participated will be dealt with, for this is no mere history of war. It is an attempt to show the life of the Legion in the field. For my sins I was awarded the Croix de Guerre, the Medal of Morocco, the Medal of Syria, and the Rashya Medal, which was specially struck for the survivors of that terrible blunder. I do not mention these decorations because I am proud of them. But it should be obvious that I must have been in the French Foreign Legion a few years in order to earn them. Such facts are recorded against me as Legionnaire No. 1384, and can always be verified.

I realize that much of what I am writing will be open to the severest criticism, that when I describe the purposeless bloodshed and murders, the innumerable floggings, the mutilations and barbarities, immoralities and atrocities, for which the Legion is responsible, I shall be doubted. I shall be doubted when I tell that, on occasion, we were driven to slaughtering domestic animals for food, chewing bits of leather because we could not find water to quench a maddening thirst, hanging up live women for targets because they had mutilated our comrades as only Arab women know how.

But the only doubt that should be expressed regarding a chronicle of this kind is the doubt as to the sanity of those who foster such an uncivilized force as the French Foreign Legion.

The men of this force are the most amazing crowd it is possible to meet. They are recruited from all parts of Europe, America, and the Near East, from every class and every nation, and they comprise thieves, murderers, bandits, cutthroats, dukes, counts, and scum. *En masse* they are the finest fighting force in the world. Individually they are the biggest scoundrels on earth. While you are standing up, they are the best comrades a man could possibly have. But as soon as you drop out, they will thieve the boots from your feet. They spend most of their time cursing the French and devising means of escape. But when they go into action they do so with the cry *" Vive la France! "* on their lips.

Soldat de la Légion Etrangère!
Vous n'avez pas de nation.
La France est votre Mère!

(Soldier of the Foreign Legion!
You have no nation.
France is your Mother!)

And, God help them, what can ail this mother of theirs that she must gather the scum of the earth and smother it with an imitation of fighting patriotism? And to what end? The protection of a scrap of land in Africa and a smaller scrap in Arabia! What would the English-speaking world have to say if British authorities adopted the same means of protection in Egypt, India, and Mesopotamia?

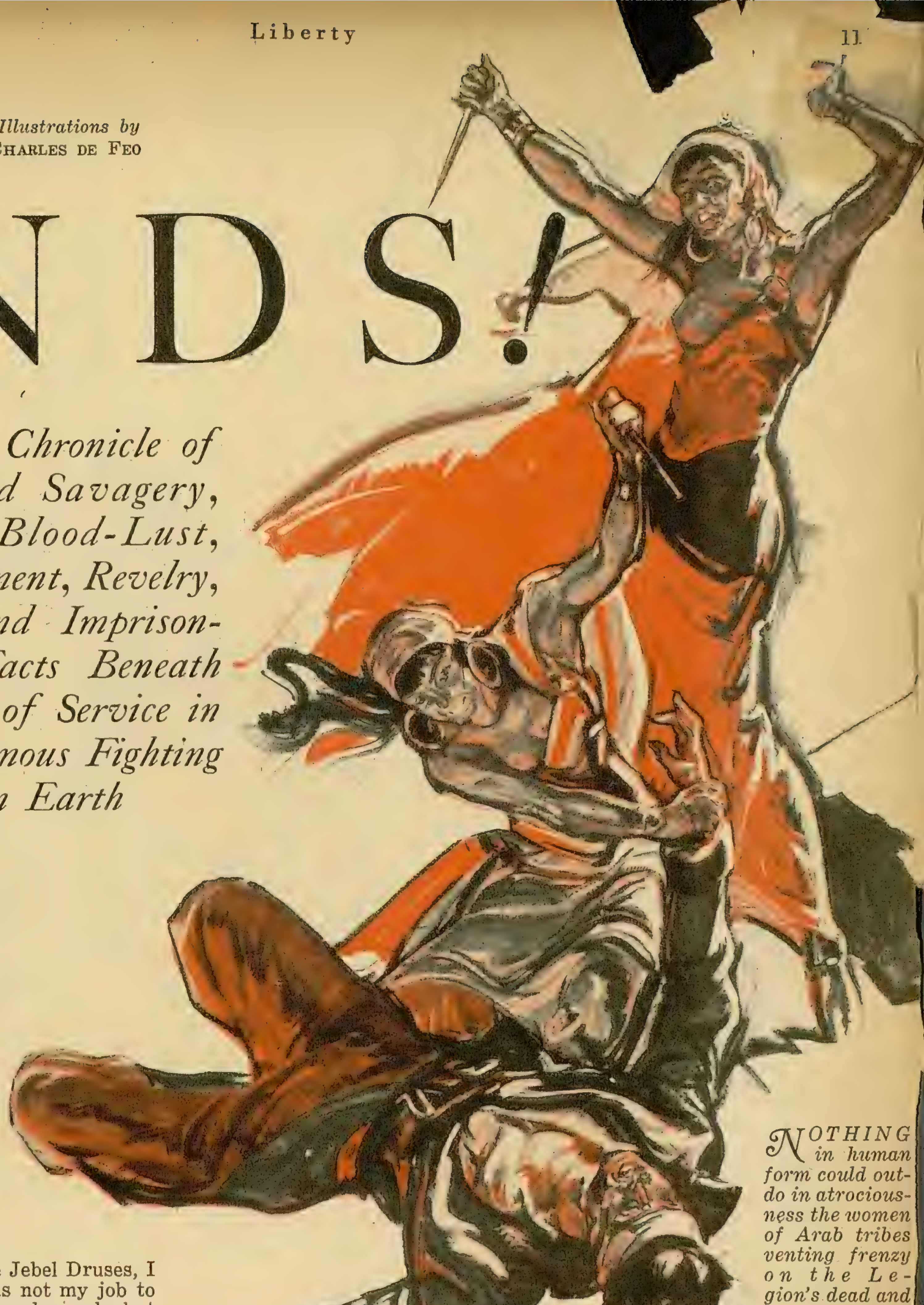
And yet, when an ex-Legionnaire tells of things seen and experienced, things that happen every day in those French protectorates, he must do so with extreme care, not so much because he may offend France or her Foreign Legion, but because, as my collaborator has repeatedly pointed out to me, there is such a thing as plausibility!

That is precisely the point! The Legion is beyond plausibility. It is beyond ordinary human conception.

Illustrations by
CHARLES DE FEO

UNDS!

A Burning Chronicle of Heroism and Savagery, of Battle, Blood-Lust, Plunder, Torment, Revelry, Desertion, and Imprisonment—the Facts Beneath the Glamour of Service in the Most Famous Fighting Force on Earth



NOTHING in human form could outdo in atrociousness the women of Arab tribes venting frenzy on the Legion's dead and wounded.

It stands out as a thing apart from any other sort of activity in life as we know it today. All that one may do is to give as faithful an impression as is possible within the limits of the printed word. And in this respect it should be appreciated that I did not join the Legion to study the problem of its existence, but merely to get a kick out of life. If, for instance, I have given a wrong impression of a particular tribe, of the Riffs, the Bedouins, or the Jebel Druses, I can but answer that it was not my job to inquire into their customs and morals, but simply the soldier's job—and an unusual kind of soldier at that!—of facing up to them with a gun.

The name I use here is assumed. So are those of McCann, my American chum, Lieutenant Beaumont, who committed suicide, and Captain Dupont, with whom I served throughout the whole of my career in the Legion. For the rest, the names of men and places, of battles, massacres, sieges, and the like, are true, and, in the case of the latter, on record. Therefore the whole of this account, save for the names mentioned, is true in substance and in fact.

My first engagement, which was at the outpost of Bab Mezrab, on the Moroccan frontier, was one of the most ghastly I was to experience, not because of the intensity of the battle that raged there, but because of the peculiarity of the conditions. For the first time in my life I came to know what it meant to exist in the burning heat without water for days on end, *and fight!*

I propose to plunge the reader straight into the middle of that terrible affair, which was my Moroccan baptism.

I CAN never recall that battle of Bab Mezrab without picturing my American chum, McCann, lying sprawled across the broken wall of the fort, mouthing the foulest oaths imaginable.

He cursed—not like a trooper but like one demented—as he adjusted the sights of his rifle; and though his eyes were wild and bloodshot, his great hands were perfectly steady. He was enjoining me to pray. His favorite expression when addressing me was, " You blighted lime-juicer!" And during that particular incident he was using it with sickening repetition.

"Pray, you blighted lime-juicer! Pray that I don't miss those two poor devils out there! D'ya hear, Barrington? Two shots—no more—one for each—and away they go—out of their cursed misery!"

I answered that I *was* praying. In those tense moments his face was incredibly ugly. The ferocious light in his eyes, the scarred unshaven jowl, the sweat that had turned dust into rivulets of mud on his cheeks, the partially open mouth trickling saliva—this could not be my American pal of the French Foreign Legion. It was some indecent brute grown out of the desert wastes.

I watched him taking careful aim at one of those two ghastly targets grotesquely stuck there in the sand some five hundred yards beyond the fort—this fort of Bab Mezrab, which we had held so desperately and so hopelessly for six days and nights.

Behind us crouched Captain Dupont, commander of the Fifth Squadron of the Legion cavalry, or what was left of it. He had chosen McCann for this devilish job because he knew that McCann could not miss at five hundred yards. McCann was a crack shot. It was imperative that he should register a clean hit on each of those objects, that there should be no agonizing wounds further to torture the pitiful creatures. A clean hit to the brain, quick, merciful, instantaneous death for those two screaming objects that had, less than an hour ago, been our comrades, fighting alongside us in the fort of Bab Mezrab.

Bab Mezrab! Was there ever such an insane blunder? We of the Fifth Squadron, beginning with two hundred and fifty men, banded together to hold this fort against unnumbered brutes from the Riff mountains; two hundred and fifty wretches of the French Foreign Legion, comprising every nationality under the sun—thieves, bandits, cutthroats, murderers, scum of the earth—we were fit only for the dirty work of the French Protectorate of Morocco. That, I found, was the Legionnaire's first lesson.

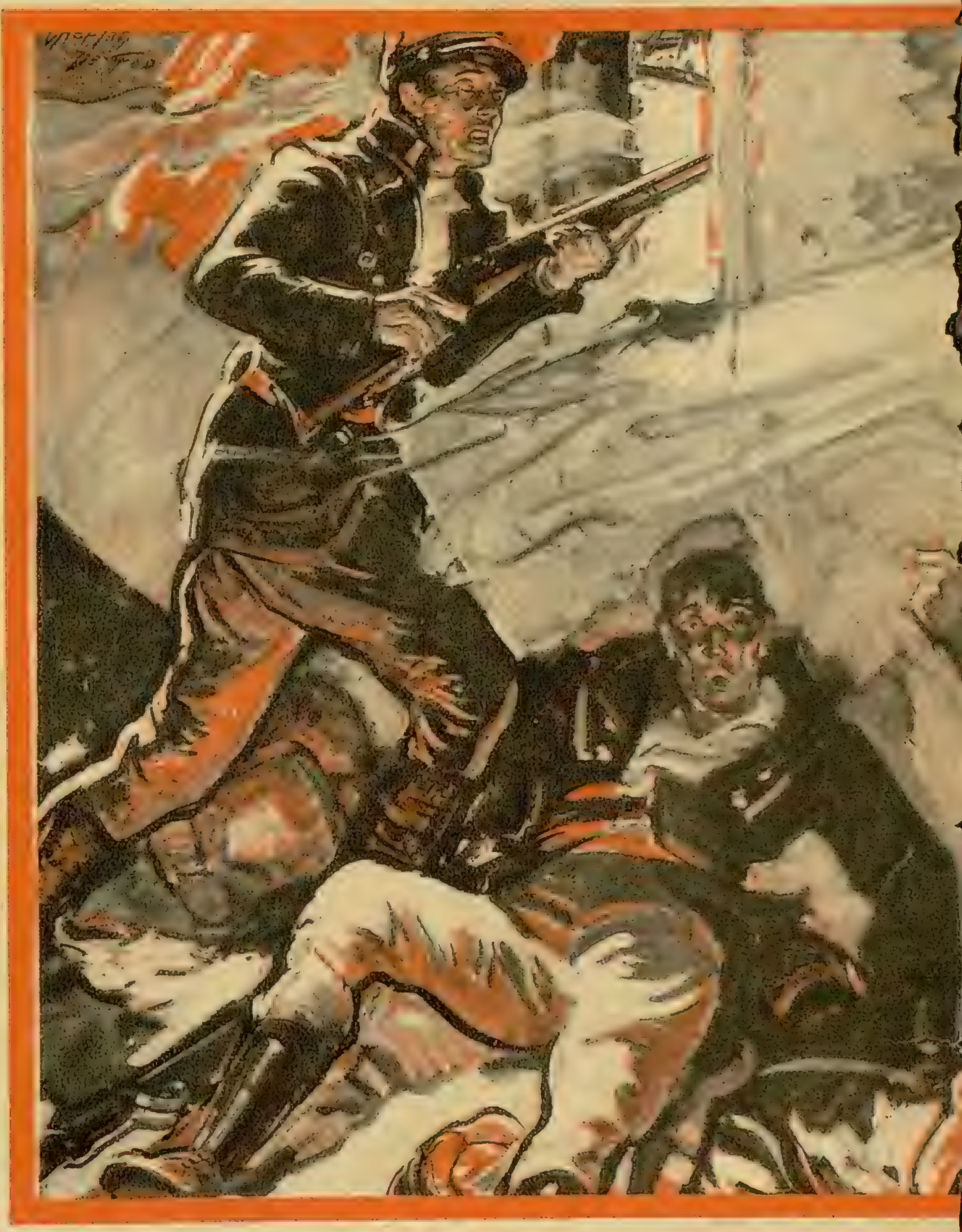
WELL, we had held the fort so far, six days and six nights, fighting, always fighting that yelling mob of Riffs down there on the plains. Abd-el-Krim, powerful chieftain, had declared war on French and Spanish Morocco. He had mobilized his hordes of madmen and fanatics, soldiers of the Riff mountains who had been trained and disciplined by German adventurers, and armed by cannon of British manufacture, and had descended from the mountains to the desert forts, of which Bab Mezrab was one.

We had passed from one outpost to another of the series that ran down to Spanish Morocco. We had force-marched by way of Tunis to Mequinez, then to Fez and Tasa, taking in outposts on the chain, rushing from one to the other like half-wits, until a flying column under General de Chambrun had rushed us to the fort of Bab Mezrab, and left us to our fate, to hold the fort at any cost.

And at what a cost! Day after day, night after night, the vast army of Riffs fired shot and shell into the little fort. The telephone communications were cut. We were trapped in our stronghold. The Riffs knew, and we knew, it was but a question of time. We had lost more than half our men; wounded lay writhing in agony, for the Legion carries no ambulance corps, no organized medical section such as may be found in any other fighting force. Every Legionnaire is his own medical officer. For the rest, there are N. C. Os. with a crude knowledge of medicine and an even cruder knowledge of surgery.

It was not the fighting, however, that worried the Legion. The Legion was there to fight. The Legion loves to fight. The Legion is the finest fighting force in the world. The rations had run out. That did not worry us either. But it was the temperature of 106 in the shade. The water had run out. And that did worry us like Gehenna! We sprawled behind the crumbling walls of the fort of Bab Mezrab like men bemused, lips cracked, tongues lolling, mouths gritty, pressing the clips, firing, pressing the clips, firing. . . .

A couple of hundred yards from the walls of the fort was a water hole. Water there! And we had lost eight men who had tried to reach it. Captain Dupont had lost too many men. He would not risk any more. Men, crazy with thirst, volunteered, begged to be allowed to run the risk of capture and torture by the Riffs in the hope of making that water hole, filling a dixie, and getting back within the fort. Captain Dupont's answer was typical of the man. He lifted his boot to the belly of the volunteer. And that was that. Even though his own lips were cracked, his own mouth scarred with grit, he would not risk another man. He himself preferred the intolerable thirst.

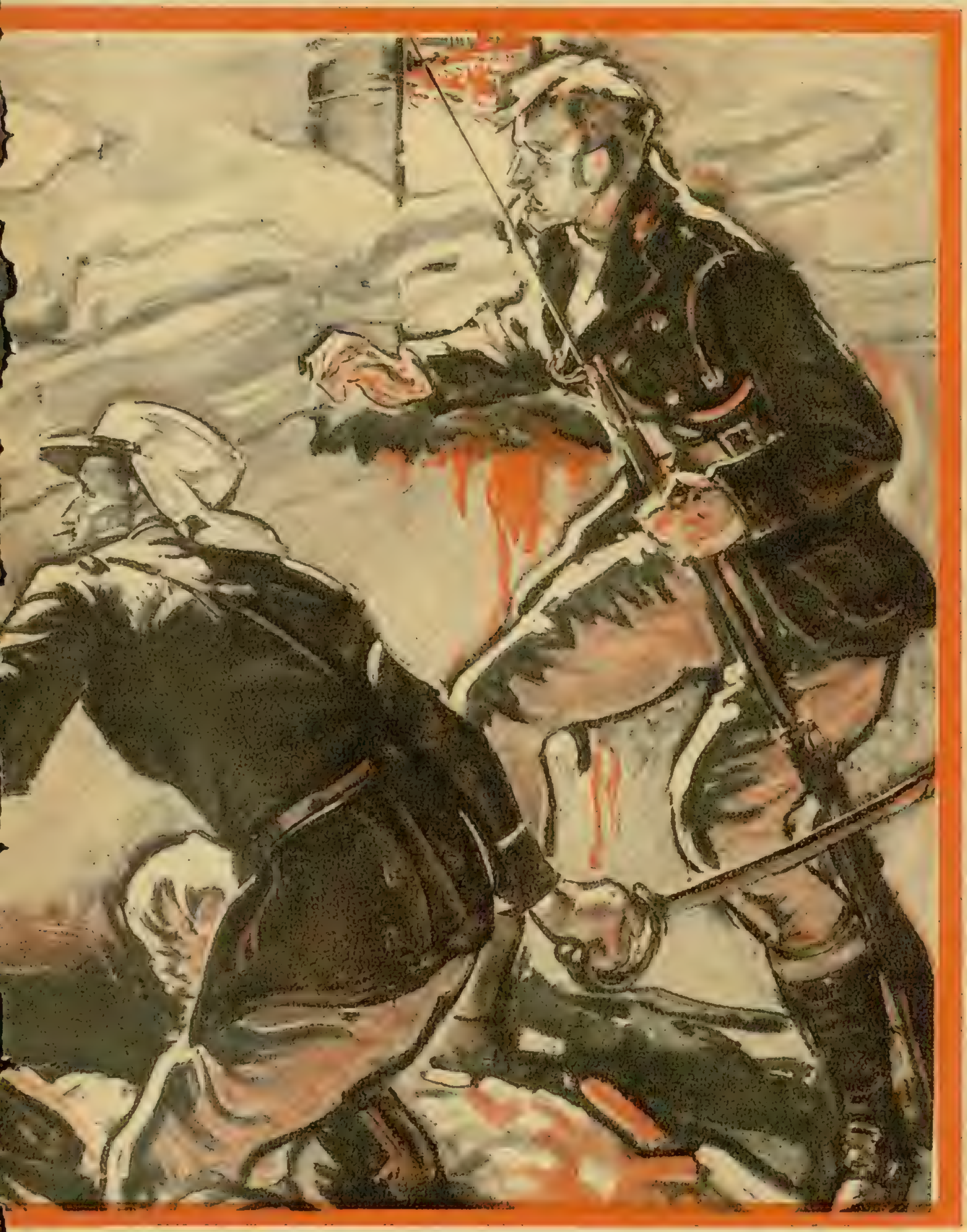


Run, stop, fire! A handful of us were racing round the ins

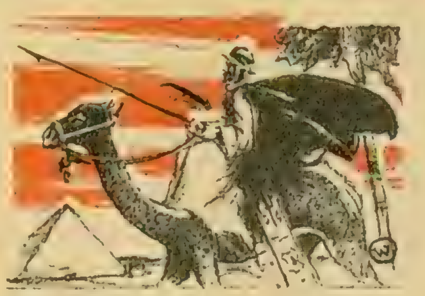
There had been a water hole inside the fort when the Fifth Squadron took over, but the Riff gunners had found the exact position of it. Those British-made guns and the German officers behind them had done the rest. That water hole became a mass of broken masonry and sandy mud. The only water left now was that which lay some two hundred yards beyond the fort.

Then it was that we had seen the ghastly spectacle which brought into prominence the expert marksmanship of my pal McCann. Down there on the desert plains, some three hundred yards beyond the water hole, was a band of Riffs with two of our comrades who had been captured while trying to get the water.

In the sun's glare we saw every detail of that damnable torture. We saw the two Legionnaires bound hand and foot. We watched in sickly horror the digging of two holes, deep and of small diameter, so that a man could be stood up in each, the earth filled in, and only the head of each man showing above the face of the desert.



the fort, trying to fire from a dozen embrasures at once.



Decorations by
Leonard Whitney

We watched the Riffs approach those two heads sticking up aboveground. We saw them pour over the two heads a brown sticky substance which soon we knew to be honey, for in a moment the two heads were covered with a cloud of flies, mosquitoes, scorpions, and other torturous insects. We heard the inhuman screams that came from those heads, screams that could not be drowned even by the wild yells of the Riffs, whose insane sense of the comic had prompted this diabolical torture.

And from the walls of the fort there had arisen other yells, yells of maddened white men. Captain Dupont had rushed among his cursing men, saber in hand, threatening to behead any man who tried to rush from the fort to the help of those tortured heads. Then he had given the order to McCann, crack shot of the squadron, to put an end to those two Legionnaires who had tried to get water for the besieged fort. And McCann, six feet of lean muscle and grit, an adventurer who lived only to fight and drink, who should have been occupying a desk in his father's office away in Detroit—McCann, the lovable scoundrel, had taken aim in the coolest manner imaginable, even while he mouthed foul oaths and enjoined me to pray that he should not miss his targets.

"Pray, you son of a ——!" he said. "Pray that I don't miss!"

And I did. His rifle cracked. A shower of insects shot up into the air. A head lolled forward, blood streaming from the eyes. Captain Dupont grunted. Crack! McCann's rifle spat again. The other head shuddered. Another shower of flies. The insects descended, but the heads on which they fed could feel no more.

The enraged Riffs advanced, yelling their battle cries.

"Come on, you b——!" cried McCann. "Come on, you sons of ——! Torture Legionnaires, would you?"

And come on they did, in amazing numbers—to be mown down like rotten sheep. They could not be checked. They used their dead as shields and fought like maniacs. They dropped in the dust like so many flies, only to be reënforced from their rear. If only we had water, I thought, we might stick this for another six days and nights, spraying the desert with dead Riffs. If only we could get a drop of water, just a drop, to keep us on our feet.

THERE were so few of the boys on their feet now. We had lost four out of seven officers. There were fewer rifles at work now. I could only guess all this by the sounds, or lack of them. A Legionnaire never turns round, never looks back, while in action. If he does, he does it only once. Captain Dupont had a quick eye for that type of man. He could draw a sawed-off Mauser quicker than any man; and the Legionnaire who turned his head never turned again.

The Riffs were advancing inch by inch. The desert was strewn with their dead, piled high here and there like so many fortifications. A dead Riff is just so much lumber, to be used if necessary as lumber. It is his soul that matters. And that is safe in Allah's keeping. Every Riff wants to die fighting, fighting the infidels. To him there is no more beautiful death, no surer way to the throne of Allah.

Captain Dupont was giving orders, addressing each Legionnaire individually, prefixing his commands with his customary epithets: "Barrington, *nom du chien!* Do this, do that! McCann!"—who was swine, dog, and cow, all rolled into one. "*Yella!*"

The Skipper's eyes were wild, malignant. His face was streaming with sweat and blood. But he was in his element. He was quite as mad as the Riffs. What other sort of Skipper would have held Bab Mezrab as he did?

He put his face on the wall beside me. For a second I thought he had stopped one, but only for a second. His harsh, grating voice was bellowing in my ear, trying to make itself heard above the din and roar of the fighting devils down below us. The order was to move! We were running now from one embrasure in the fort wall to another, stopping only to fire—run, stop, fire! That was the order. Run, stop, fire.

A wretched handful of men were racing round the inside of the fort, trying to fire from a dozen places at once, miserably trying to make the hordes of Riffs down there believe we were a vast column, instead of a score of thirst-maddened, half-demented Legionnaires.

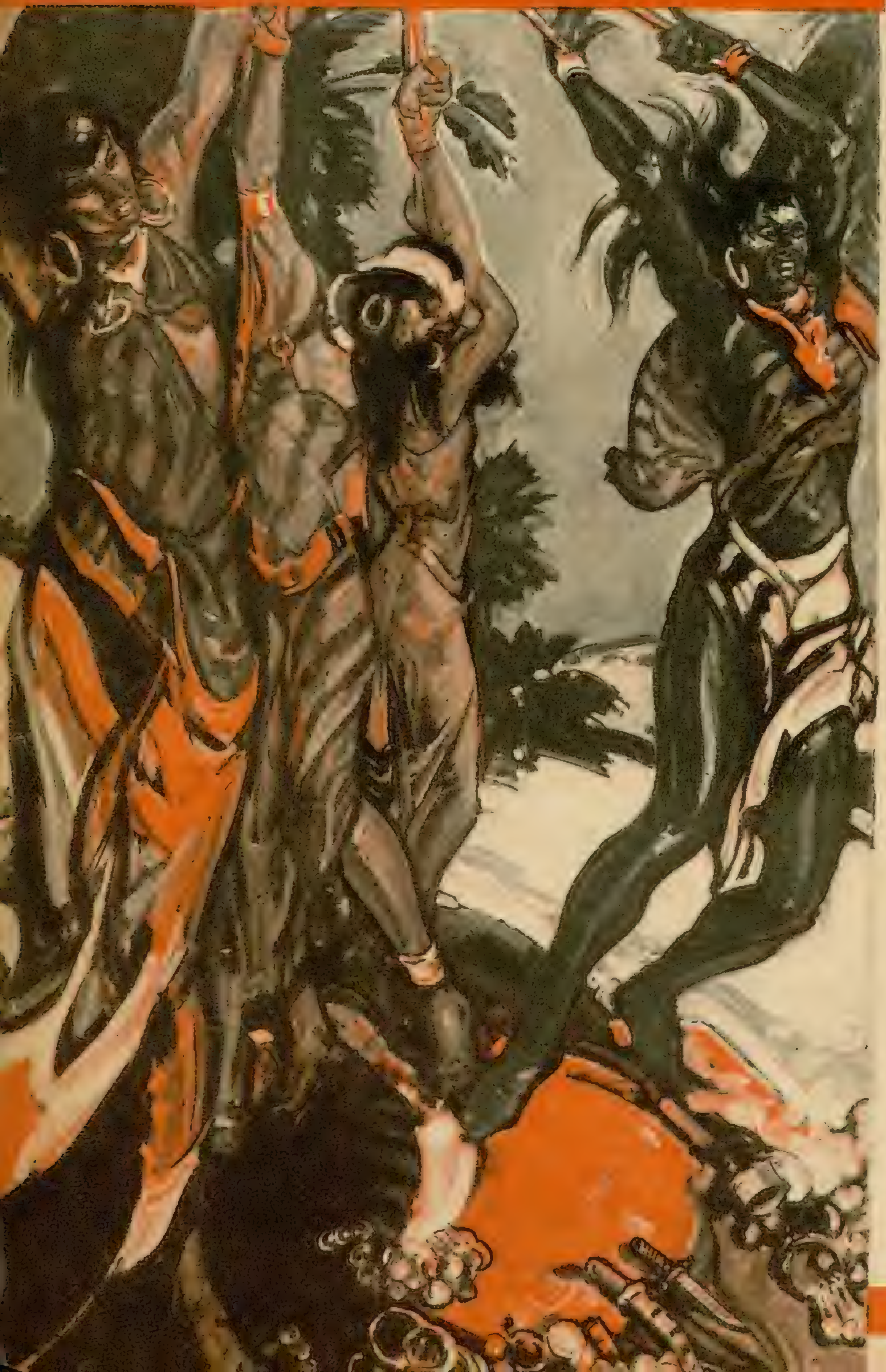
The ruse had its effect. At all events, the Riffs, who had begun to ascend the hill toward the gates of the fort, fell back. They retreated beyond range. We ceased fire and watched. Bands of them were coming cautiously forward. They began to collect their dead. We let them.

We had no ammunition to throw away on targets already accounted for. Besides, another hour would see the great ball of fire dip into its bath of sand; darkness would descend with the suddenness of a dropped curtain. And who knew what this night would bring?

Four men were told off to patrol the fort wall. The rest of us sat down on the ground, exhausted, indifferent, staring at the bloody mess within the walls of Fort Bab Mezrab. Dead and dying lay sprawled, spread-eagled, crumpled, so many ghastly shapes. Wounded men were screaming for water: "*L'eau! L'eau! L'eau!*" But no man stirred, nobody moved, except the four on guard. They continued their patrol, back and forth, back and forth, mechanically, like so many robots. What was the use? It was only a question of time and the score of us who were left would join them. It was easy to feel indifferent to the yells of pain, easy to ignore the cries for water, for thirst-maddened men are dead to all human appeal. What did it matter that men died with foul oaths on their lips, or that live men sat sullenly watching?

Suddenly one of the boys who had been resting with us, a Polish boy hardly out of his teens, named Tomski, sprang to his feet and leaped upon a wounded Legionnaire whose screams were too incessant, beating him with the butt of his rifle. The screams died suddenly. A shot rang out. Tomski slued round. His ear was dripping blood. He was stupidly trying to put it back on his head. He was staring at the Skipper's Mauser, and the whites of his eyes told their own tale.

He had gone *cafard!* We were suddenly roused from our sullen indifference. Desert madness had to be dealt with. It brooked no delay. Poor little Tomski! He had seen more at nineteen than most men at ninety. Now he saw red. He ran amuck. His rifle spat four times in quick succession. Four more Legionnaires went home before he was caught and the Skipper's Mauser put an end to his maniacal outburst. It was all over in a few minutes, but he had done more damage to the squadron than the Riffs could do in as many hours.



We dropped back on the ground. The guards returned to their posts. Sixteen men, waiting for darkness and the end. I looked at Lieutenant Sera, the only officer we had left, save the Skipper. He was whimpering noiselessly. Would he be the next to go *cafard?* Better keep my eye on him.

HE too was young, almost as young as Tomski. But, unlike Tomski, he had joined the Legion to fight for France. Tomski had joined the Legion to see the world. He was built that way. I could recall Tomski's boyish, wide-mouthed grin when asked why he joined the Legion.

To see the world! Well, he had seen it. And now he lay over there in a pool of blood. No more looting native villages. No more hunting of native girls. No more smutty stories. Tomski's mouth was closed forever. He was done. Packed up. Finished. Nineteen eventful years, and then—phut! All over. And what years—if he were to be credited with any sense of veracity whatever! Years of passion that began almost at school age; two passions, in fact, one for fighting and the other for women, and beyond these no horizon at all.

Poor Tomski!

High above us the vultures were hovering. They, too, knew the end was near. They were only waiting to feed.

"Barrington!"

I turned and gazed at McCann.

"Listen, you lime-juicer," he said. "You're the Skipper's servant, and you've always got a gun."

(An officer's servant in the Legion is also the officer's bodyguard, and is always armed.)

"Well, what are you getting at?"

"Listen, boy. If I stop one, give us your word you'll put me right out. You know what it means if you're caught alive by those devils down there."

"All right, McCann, boy. I promise," I said without hesitation.

I shall be doubted when I tell that,
ing up live women for targets because

We looked at each other for a few quiet moments, a farseeing sort of look, filled with meaning. We had seen others tortured. Better dead than alive in the hands of the Riffs. Honey and scorpions was by no means the worst kind of torture. We had buried men in the fort three days ago who had been mutilated by the Riffs and then dragged back through the dust in the dead of night, almost up to the very gates of the fort. Certainly near enough for us to collect them, and gaze upon the handiwork of the Riffs. Three headless men tied together by their ankles. Headless—and otherwise amputated.

"And I'll do the same for you, you old son of a gun."

"All right, you blighter. Shut up!"

"Yeah? What's biting you, Barrington? Don't you like this outfit?"

"Well, of course! I'm only sorry we can't stay."

McCann croaked through his cracked lips. It was the best he could do at laughing in the circumstances.

"Oh, boy, what wouldn't I give for a *bidon* of hooch!"

"Every *bidon* was emptied two days ago, and anyway, you big stiff, you've had enough wine to last any ordinary man a lifetime."

"Yeah?"

"Yes. Even if you konk out tonight."

"Be cheerful, brother, be cheerful."

McCann's India-rubber face was twisted in a wide grin.

"We're going to get out of this, boy."

"How?"

"How!" snorted McCann. "How! How, how, how! Just like you, you gol-darned Britisher! Bark! That's all, bark!—no bite! D'ya think I'm going to let any lousy son of a Riff get me, eh?"

"I admire your pride of nationality, McCann; but it'll take more than one American to stop that mob down there."

"Yeah?"

We did not continue the futile argument. The Skipper's boot was too active. He wanted four "sons of dogs" to relieve the guard, and for two of them he chose the English "cow" and the American "swine." It was sometimes hard to believe that Captain Dupont loved us like a brother. But he did, in spite of his tongue and his boot.

M'CANN and I chose posts where we should be able to meet every twenty paces. We were the only two English-speaking Legionnaires in the squadron, and our companionship was taken for granted. Marching up and down, we grew quite cheerful, almost human, getting some slight relief from the torturous thirst by chewing pieces of leather.

Up and down, up and down, every twenty paces or so I met McCann face to face; he would sum up my British nationality in a few choice words, and about-turn, to pace up and down.

There was little to attract one's attention save the cries of the sun-scorched wounded, which were getting fewer and fewer, and the vultures sailing overhead. It was late afternoon and the sun was pouring forth its greatest heat before disappearing.

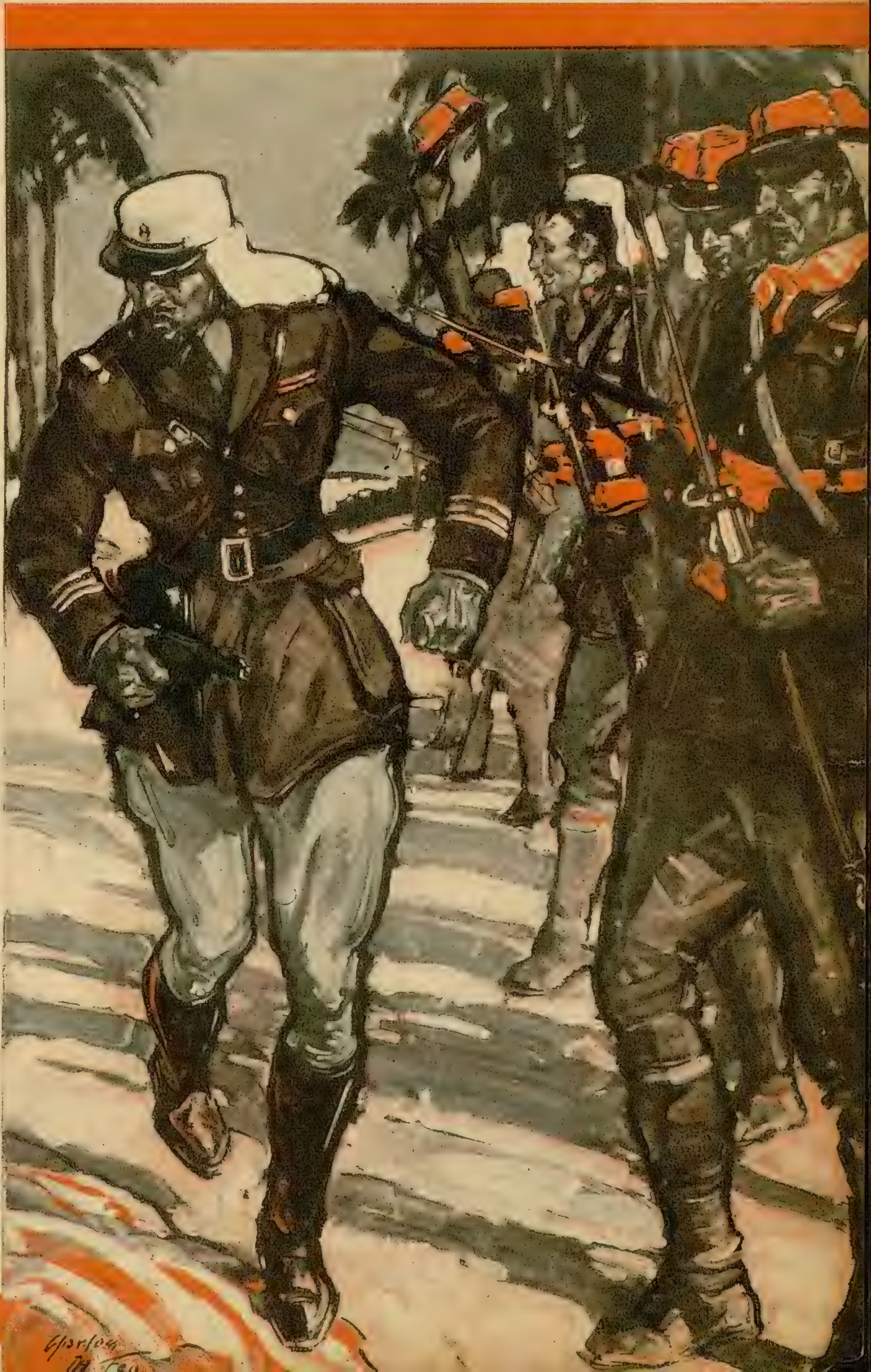
Down in the desert there was a strange, sinister lull, hardly a movement. The naked eye could barely discern the moving shapes in the distance. What were they preparing for down there?

A night attack. That was certain. But at least we should be free from the glare and heat of that fiery ball.

It sank suddenly, like a weight in water. Water! God! If only we could get out to that water hole under cover of this gathering darkness. One gulp! Just one! And how happily we should fight them! I put it to McCann.

"Ask the Skipper," he grinned, knowing what that meant.

The fort was now a mass of shadows, some of them



occasion, we were driven to hang-
ey had mutilated our comrades.

sprawled and motionless, others moving about silently. The sizzling heat was gone. That was a relief. Every man was on guard now, fourteen men, two corporals, two officers. They were watching, waiting. Black masses were moving down there, leisurely it seemed, as if the murder of sixteen Legionnaires and two French officers were a matter to be conned over, deliberated with anticipatory pleasure, carried out with a subtlety and finesse appropriate to the Riff mentality.

Captain Dupont was leaning on the wall, trying to focus his glasses on the dim figures moving in the sand. One of our men approached him, a big hulking, black-bearded brute familiarly known as the "Count," one of those hundreds of fellows to be found in the Legion who are hereditary monarchs in their own rights, if only they were permitted to assume their rights. The Count was a Bulgarian, a fearless fellow, hard fighter, deep drinker, wonderfully adept with a bayonet, whether at opening a tin of beef or a Riff carcass.

McCann nudged me.

"That guy's after the water hole," he grinned.

I nodded. Anything for a diversion.

We watched the Count approach the Skipper, heard something of his ragged muttering. The Skipper slued around and brought his field glasses down on the Count's head with a crash, felling him like an ox. He lay there, his tongue lolling near a pool of blood that had trickled from a dead comrade.

"Hell! Look at that!" said McCann. "Don't tell me the son of a —— is going to lick it!"

A corporal saw it and, emulating his master, began to kick the Count until he had induced him to get on his feet again.

"Say," murmured McCann confidentially, "it's a little of a comedown for the Count, this—what d'ya call it?—vampirism."

"Oh, for God's sake, Mac! You filthy blighter!"

"Steady, boy!"—with intense surprise. "What's on your mind?"

And then the fun began. The Skipper's blow and the corporal's kicks had proved the last straw for the Count. He went *cafard*. He had wrenched out his bayonet and had punched the corporal's ticket before any of us had time to realize what was happening. Captain Dupont let out a bellowing roar and fired. The Count ducked, and stuck another of his comrades in the process. We dared not close in on him. The Skipper's Mauser was too active.

IN the main, we were dancing about helplessly in the dim light. The Count was using his bayonet like a man possessed, and to some effect, for there were four dead men at his feet in addition to the corporal before McCann, risking the flying shots, cracked his skull from behind.

The sound of the shots seemed to be taken as a challenge by the Riffs. They opened fire on the fort, and Captain Dupont was booting every man to his post. From now on, I thought, there would not be time for any more Legionnaires to go *cafard*. We should be too busy. There's an old Biblical tale, something about the devil finding work for idle hands. And doesn't the devil get busy among Legionnaires who have nothing to do except nurse a perishing thirst! If only we had a drop of water!

If it had not been for this problem of water we should still have been a pretty tough bunch to reckon with, instead of which we were starting this unforgettable night battle with ten men, one N. C. O., and two officers—thirteen, all told.

I must have been crazy then.

"Mac!" I shouted. "We're thirteen men standing!" But McCann was in full war cry. He was yelling at the Riffs, "Come on, you ——!" Not that they needed any invitation. Up they came. These sons of Allah were fighting for their faith. They had long prepared for this, and were determined to rid Morocco of its infidels. What, after all, was Bab Mezrab? Just one mean little fort. If reënforcements came now they would be too late. They would be mown down before they could reach us. Strange how one clings to the merest thread of hope.

BULLETS were stabbing the darkness in all directions. The Riffs were firing at random. Since they could not see their targets, they were out to impress us by the volume of their fire. We, on the other hand, were sparing with our fire, moving round from one position to another like the ghosts of a lost army, sniping with effect rather than fighting.

And we realized that we were holding them. After the first mad rush up the hillside, accompanied by screaming shells that had done nothing worse than burst the masonry of an empty magazine room, they had dug themselves in the sand behind their dead.

Their big guns were silent now, obviously afraid to short-range on their advancing column in the lowering darkness.

Hour after hour through that ghastly night they kept up the blind attack, guessing, no doubt, that our numbers had sadly dwindled; but even they could not know that we were but a baker's dozen, or they would not have hesitated.

There would have been one savage charge, and the Fifth Squadron of the Legion cavalry would have come to an end.

Perhaps. We had our trump card in the shape of four machine guns all ready to spray death when, in the last advance, the Riffs should come near enough to receive it. All night long the Riffs kept up an incessant fire, and we a perpetual sniping. Wearing us out, of course. At dawn would come the final stroke.

How we watched for the first streaks of morning light!

"Another half hour, Barrington, and we'll see daylight," said McCann in a hoarse and weary voice.

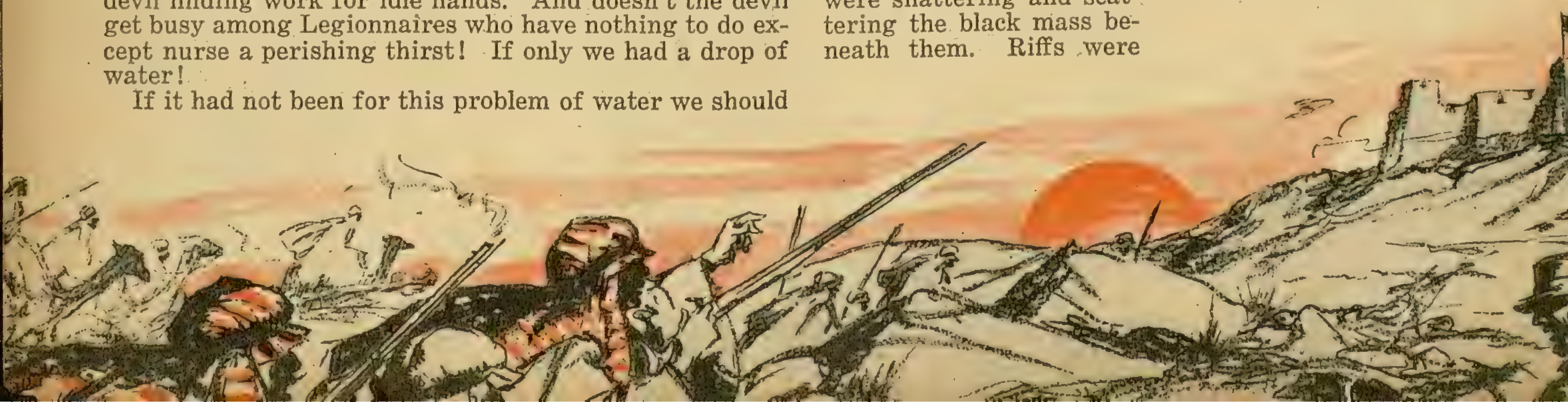
"Yes, in more senses than one."

"Cheerful cuss!"

That first streak came, a thin penciling of light. We crouched over the machine guns, waiting. Suddenly the heavens opened in a brilliant splash of color, orange, crimson, and violet. As we had anticipated, it was the signal for the enemy to make their last mad rush on the fort. Up they came, a solid black mass, screaming and yelling like maniacs. And our guns replied:

Rat-tat-tat-tat . . . tat-tat . . . tat . . . tat . . . tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Such music to weary and exhausted Legionnaires!

The vultures were early astir, sailing low over the hillside. And then, out of the blue, came another and different vulture, dropping death in its wake. A French bombing plane! Then another and another! They were shattering and scattering the black mass beneath them. Riffs were



tumbling down the slopes in a mad race with death.

Their column was thrown into the wildest confusion by this quarter of death; guns were wrecked; and as they retreated they were met by our own relief column, which literally mowed its way through to the gates of Bab Mezrab. At the head of the column was a battalion of Legion infantry. They had come to take over. God help them!

They found us—a dozen starved, thirst-maddened wretches, sprawling over the water hole that our hungry eyes had gazed upon for days—or was it weeks? Men of the Legion infantry crowded around us, took off their *bidons*—full of good red wine—and handed them round. We drank and drank and drank. McCann emptied three in quick succession.

His eyes sparkled as he turned to me. "You gol-darned lime-juicer, Barrington! Didn't I tell you we'd get out of this ten-cent racket?"

WE got out of it within a few hours of being relieved. There was no time for sleep, or even rest, and hardly time to delouse or wash off the six days' accumulation of grime. We should have time enough for all that in Fez, we were told, and it was essential that we should get there with all possible speed.

We realized how imperative was this forced march as soon as we started out, for our escorting column was a bunch of Senegalese and a company of infantry. We also had a couple of airplanes to keep the sniping Riffs from coming too close.

We took the center of the column, on foot like the rest, for we had lost all our mounts early in the Bab Mezrab blunder.

Imagine us, ten wretched Legionnaires whose clothing was almost in rags, and two officers in no better plight, a dozen men who had scarcely slept for a week, tramping along in the middle of that column, some with dysentery, others with malaria, and nearly all with minor wounds, every one a sick man, for we had gone hungry and thirsty for three days, and had then filled up with water, beef, biscuits, and far too much wine from our comrades of the Legion infantry who had relieved us.

It may seem incredible that such a band of men as we were then, underfed, sick, diseased, exhausted, could face a day's march after all we had endured, but life in the Legion sets at naught all accepted laws of human endurance.

The explanation of this is perfectly simple. While the column is on the march no Legionnaire would dream of falling out, unless, of course, he were *cafard* and therefore unaware of the meaning of a lingering, torturous death.

Usually a slash from an N. C. O.'s whip is enough to waken a laggard. If after that a man falls with the intention of staying down, or if despite all his efforts he is unable to rise, or if he is attempting desertion, he is invariably found by the Arabs or perchance the Partisans. If found by Arabs or Riffs, he will never be seen again. The Partisans will convey him back to headquarters—after a fashion.

And what a fashion!

These Partisans, "head-hunters," as they are commonly known in the Legion, are parties of Arabs recruited for the purpose of policing the desert. They are paid one hundred francs a head for every man they bring back to the fold. God help the sick man or the deserter who falls into their hands. He is always returned to headquarters in a frightfully mutilated condition, and the head-hunters explain, with characteristic shrug, that such was the prisoner's condition when they found him. The truth of the matter is, of course, that they themselves have committed the atrocities for their own amusement. About the only creatures in human form who could imaginably outdo them at these hideous practices are women of their Arab kind venting frenzy on the Legion's dead and wounded. Having satiated themselves in this manner, the Partisans hand the poor devil over to the authorities, and he either spends a few weeks in the hospital, or dies, a much more likely event, or lives a few years in chains in prison.

It is a matter of some moment that, however many years in prison chains a Legionnaire may do, the time is never reckoned as service with the Legion. That is to say, if a man has done two years in the Legion, and is then sentenced to four years in chains in prison, he has still to serve three years in the Legion before completing the five for which he was enlisted.

Is it any wonder, then, that Legionnaires rarely fall out, however sick they may be, however harsh the conditions of the march? Is it any wonder that men drop dead on the march? During my service with the Legion I have seen scores of men die on their feet. It is a ghastly experience to be marching alongside a man severely wounded, or racked by dysentery or enteric, to be helping that man to keep on the march, and suddenly find his body grow heavy, the mask of death in his face. Yet that happened to me far more times than I care to remember.

To march with a temperature that would put most men on the danger list is a common experience, for there is no danger as long as a man keeps moving with the column.

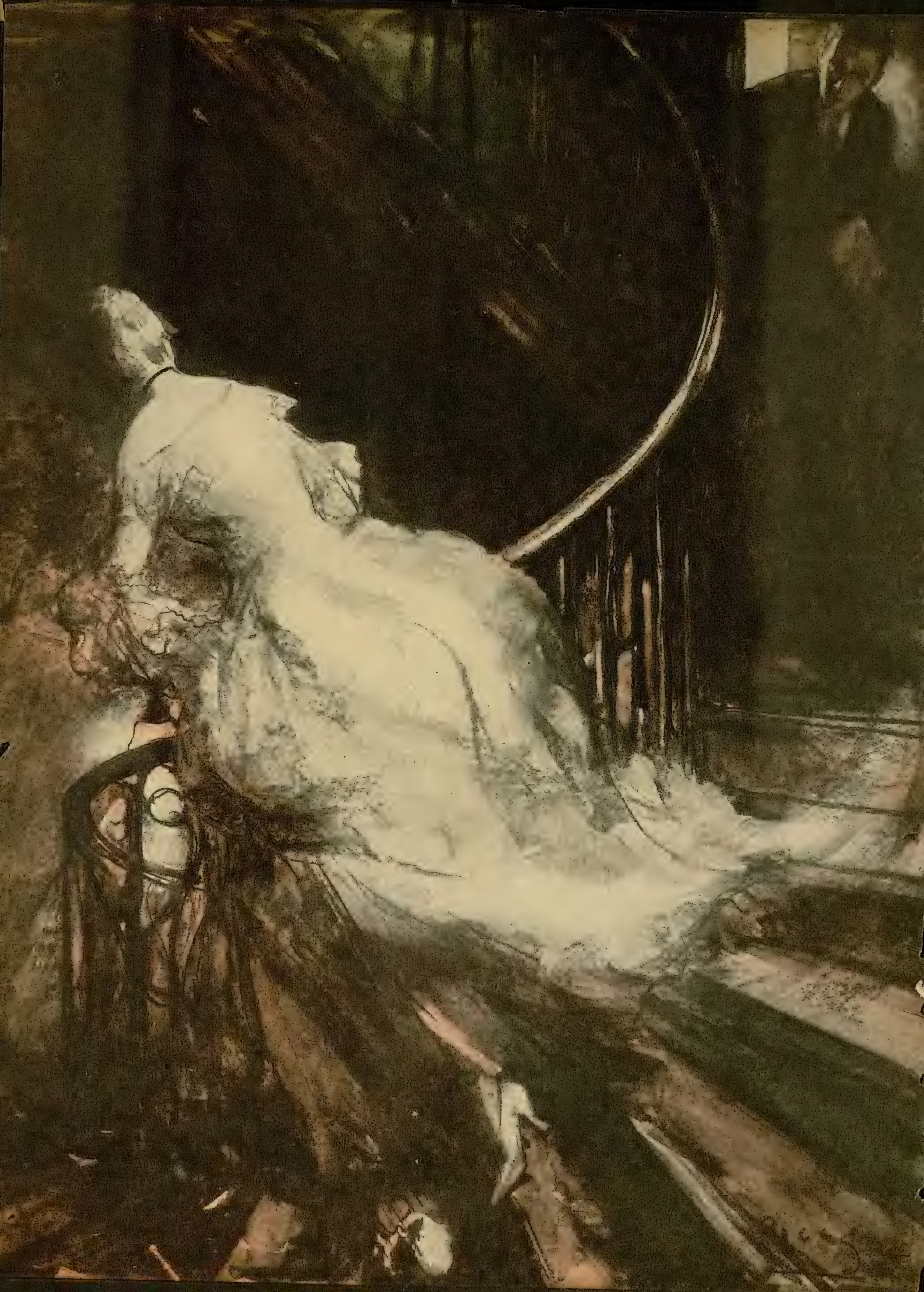
The danger lies in falling behind and staying there, since that means something worse than death.

THERE was, however, no falling out among the ten survivors of Bab Mezrab. We slouched along through the intolerable heat, in the center of the column, and in the middle of a column of dust, too. All day long we marched, the Riffs sniping from nullahs and hillocks that even the planes could not locate. How we prayed for nightfall!

That would mean an encampment of some sort and blessed sleep.

McCann, stumbling along by my side, became strangely quiet. He was asleep, or at least dozing. He was one of those amazing people whose limbs may move mechanically while the brain sleeps. On my other flank a young French officer had fallen into step. He marched with me in silence for a while, and I wondered not a little at his maneuver, though I was too sick and weary to trouble overmuch.

The piteous fate that befell this young Frenchman will appear in next week's installment of Hell Hounds. So will burning word-pictures of the punishments—floggings with the salted whip, spread-eaglings in the African sun—meted out to unruly Legionnaires; also of "The Pit" of Fez, with its dancing girls, white, brown, and olive, and with Hell Hounds in knife brawls for possession of them; of looting and rapine disguised as tax collecting; and of what happened to a dozen men who tried to desert to the Riff country.



Cinderella's SHOES

The Story of a Girl Who Stepped into Luck and Ran Away from the Wrong Man

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

(Reading time: 29 minutes 20 seconds.)

Pictures by WALTER BIGGS

"WELL, Cinderella," said the manager of one of Gillmer's Styleshoe departments, smiling wearily down at the slender little girl in blue who was answering the ad for a shoe model, "where's your pumpkin and the mice coachmen?"

Her own smile, somewhat wan in a small, peaked face much too white and much too thin, met his as the assistant slipped a 4A pump on her slim and obviously perfect foot. "They made it up into pies, I guess—or else the coachman ate it," she answered him.

The day was warm and the head of the department wanted to catch the five-thirty-eight. Twenty black-satin-sheathed beauties, alike as court ladies in a musical comedy, had been tried and found wanting. This girl did not fit the exact requirements as to figure perhaps, but her foot was right; and she had personality. There was a likableness about her, an intelligent wholesomeness.

"All right," he said briefly, "you're hired. Report in the morning to Mr. Robbins. What's your name?"

"Lauretta—Lauretta Irving."

The head of the department gave her a last perspiring smile.

She was trembling so with relief that she could hardly stand. The wolf had really been quite close to the door, sniffing loudly. But that was that. She had gotten the job.

Hiram Gillmer had built up a considerable fortune in shoes, not entirely upon the merits of his merchandise, but because of a Barnum-like faculty of showmanship. A thin, dried-up little man of Yankee type and heritage, he had worked up from a small business in footwear, started by his father in Maine, to the ownership of a palatial store on Park Avenue.

One of his department managers once remonstrated with him for using bizarre effects in such an exclusive location.

Hiram had looked at him from shrewd small blue eyes.

"I ain't ever found," he retorted with a nasal down-East accent, "that women is any different anywhere—on Park Avenoo or off of it!"

Time and steadily mounting profits had justified his somewhat fantastic measures. So, with the opening of the summer season, instead of announcing the arrival of smart footwear on cards that would go into the nearest waste-paper basket as soon as received, he staged a "Gillmer Styleshoe Exposition."

In one section of the ground floor a miniature Peacock Alley presented a luxurious setting for the smartly clad models to stroll up and down and display their small but perfect understandings. In another portion of the "Exposition," two beautifully groomed horses—alive, and on the hoof—champed impatiently at their bits, while faultlessly attired and ultraly booted damsels made pretense of being ready to ride to hounds.

There was a small dancing salon, a cleverly simulated tennis court, a portion of a golf course, and a stretch of real sand with nearly real palm trees. And, most important to the story of Lauretta, there was an aviation corner, where a small Moth plane, yellow as a pumpkin, was the background against which she herself was to model what the well dressed aviatrix will wear on her feet when her head is in the clouds.

Lauretta's somewhat bulky flying suit could not disguise her slimness. And the tight-fitting helmet, coming down over her curling brown hair, made her gray-blue eyes seem twice their original size and rather intensified the remaining pallor in her cheeks.

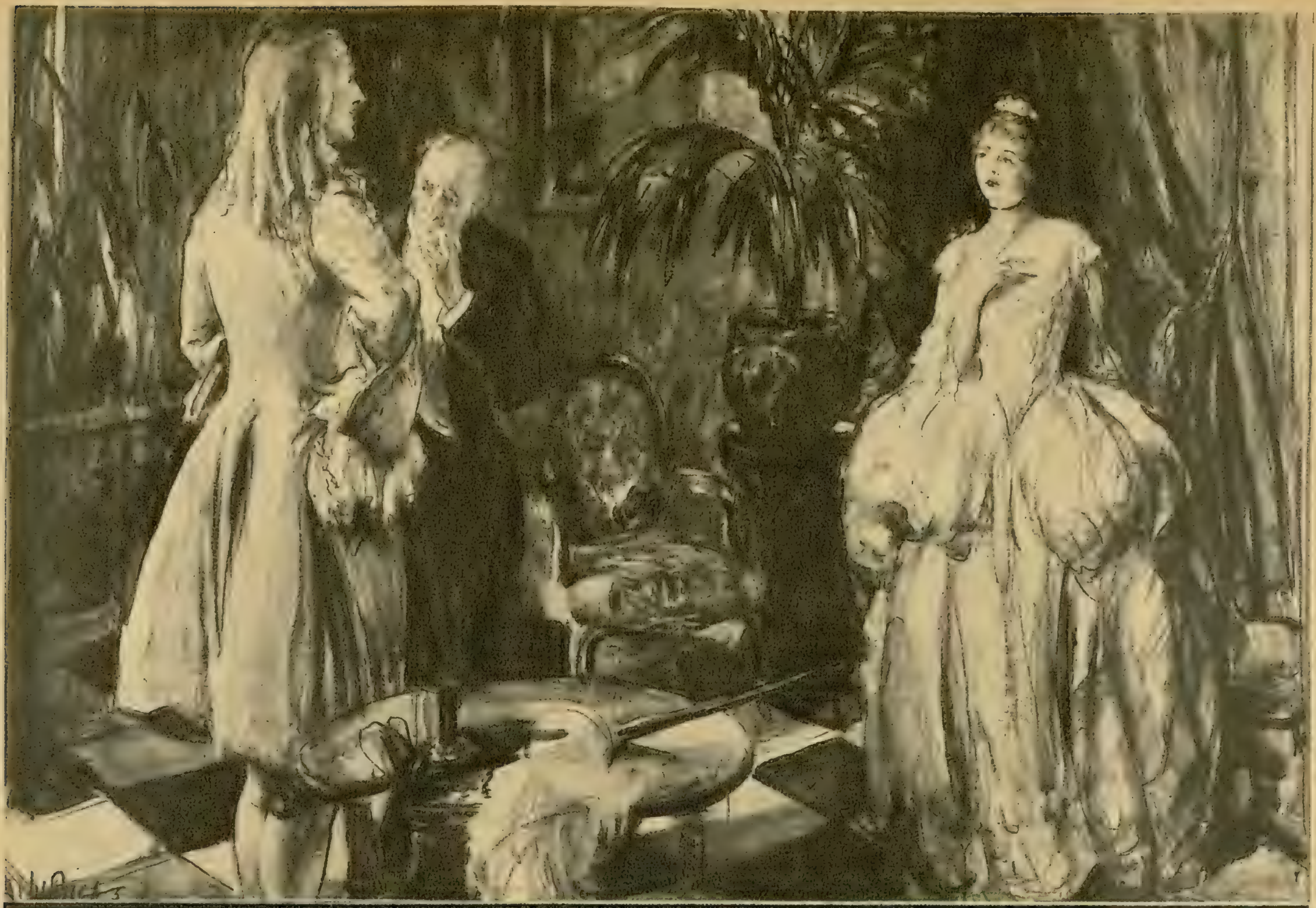
Suddenly a tall, rangy masculine figure in a leather jacket and helmet came swinging past her and climbed up into the cockpit. His first glance at Lauretta leaning against the pumpkin-yellow plane was almost vindictive. His second was less so. And his third, as she regarded him gravely and without speech, was accompanied by a grin.

"Greetings, fellow sufferer!" he said from the eminence of the plane.

She smiled back at him without self-consciousness.

She noticed that his mouth was like his voice and his brown eyes—a little weary and more than a little bitter. Strange, too, for he was young, and the tanned healthfulness of his cheeks argued for sane living. The helmet hid his hair completely, but she thought it would have a ruddy tinge. The short well trimmed mustache across his upper lip gave him a worldly, almost sophisticated look.

Lauretta, eying him surreptitiously, wondered where she had seen him before. His face was so familiar that it seemed to her that in just a moment she would speak his name. He must be a clerk, of course.



Lauretta pulled herself away. Hiram Gillmer gave a dry, subdued chuckle.

"I'm glad they sent you over," she told him. "I don't think I was giving what Mr. Gillmer would call 'the touch and go' to the airplane set."

The young man's brown eyes became very scornful.

"No; the boss decided that what was wrong with this picture was my absence. Must have a dummy pilot, you know. So here I am, and anyone who thinks I like it is crazy!"

Lauretta's mouth dropped open in astonishment. She was not accustomed to hearing Mr. Gillmer referred to in that tone of voice.

"Well, you're getting paid for it, aren't you?"

He stared at her.

"*Paid* for it—this 'personal appearance,' do you mean?"

At that she caught her breath.

"Personal appearance— Oh! You—are you Robert Bridges? I saw you in a film just last night!"

"God, no!" he denied vehemently. "I've been taken for that ham actor before! My hair isn't the same color as his, but the damn' mustache is."

Lauretta's soft lips went tight.

"Stop swearing!" she said sharply. "If you don't want to look like him why don't you take the damn' mustache off?"

"That's an idea," he acknowledged.

A brigade of fashionably slatty young things bore down upon the aviation corner, shrieking to each other.

"Look, Doll! Let's go for a ride!"

"Oh, see the dreat big mans! Yoohoo, Apollo! Want to take us up?"

"But, oh, my dear, look what you have to *wear!*"

"Darling, *will* you look at the color of that plane! Sell it to me, mister, for a jack-o'-lantern?"

They marched on, leaving a trail of mingled perfumes and a diminishing chorus of high-pitched inanities.

Lauretta and the young man in the cockpit stared after them with curiously different expressions. His was of disgust—almost of nausea. Hers was of wonder—and pity.

"Damn' little parasites," he said under his breath. "Oh, pardon me, I forgot you don't like profanity. Well, anyhow, the rest of the sentence stands!"

"I'm sorry for them," she said simply.

"*Sorry* for them?" he echoed sharply. "Say, young lady, what one of those bright-eyed babies spends for stockings in one month would just about eat up three months of your salary!"

"Oh—that!" She made a short dismissing gesture with her small gauntleted hand. "I didn't mean money. They don't know what life is all about, do they? I wonder"—her voice had a reminiscent tone—"what they would do, any one of them, if they found themselves down to one thin dime, and no work in sight—"

THE eyes of the young man were searching her thin white face. There was respect in them as he interrupted, "Like *you* did?"

She gave him a fleeting smile with nothing of self-pity in it. "Sure. If I'd been raised like those girls—I wonder what I'd have done. But luckily, in the little town where we lived, we were poor. I always worked. And dad told me—just before he—died, 'Don't worry about Old Man Poverty, Laurie! You look him in the eye and he'll always step back! And don't you give up, Laurie! There's always something good just ahead!'"

"Laurie—is that your name? I like it. It's like you."

There was no coquetry in her response.

"Yes, it's a nice name," she agreed gravely. "My dad gave it to me."

They began to talk companionably. Time slipped by unnoticed.

And then suddenly, in the midst of a new avalanche of visitors to the aviation corner, Lauretta, looking up at the cockpit of the pumpkin-yellow plane, saw the young man climbing down, a scowl on his forehead and a crumpled note in his hand.

"Sorry," he said shortly. "Have to interview the boss for some da—— for some reason. But you'll be here, won't you? No

(Continued on page twenty-two)

Feel Fine AND YOU'LL Look Fine!

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes—and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, life, charm—you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

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EVER notice how things come your way when you have a lot of sparkle and zip? How do you feel TODAY? Dull? Low? Half-alive? Then try the saline treatment with Sal Hepatica.

Clear your whole system of the poisons that make you feel sluggish and blue. Sal Hepatica will do it—gently and surely.

For Sal Hepatica offers the same saline benefits as do the health springs of the great European spas to which physicians send their wealthy patients, to find new health, new vitality in the saline waters.

And you can take the saline treatment at home. Tomorrow morning when you get up, pour a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of fresh water. And drink down the sparkling mixture!

Sal Hepatica cleanses the wastes and poisons from your digestive tract—but it isn't "just a laxative." For Sal Hepatica clears the poisons from your bloodstream. It rids the complexion of blemishes. It gets at the causes of colds, indigestion, headache, rheumatism and other ills. Follow the saline treatment regularly—it's mighty healthy for you.

Get acquainted with Sal Hepatica—and watch life brighten up!

CONSTIPATION

Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE

To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS

The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

Sal Hepatica

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Don't Coddle a COLD! —KILL IT! with a Remedy that Gets at It from the Inside!

A COLD calls for a COLD remedy and not for a preparation good for half a dozen things besides colds.

A cold, moreover, calls for internal treatment, for a cold is an internal infection. Local or external treatments can't reach the real seat of the trouble and may only prolong a cold.

This Is What You Want!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is distinctly for COLDS. It is swift and sure relief because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently but thoroughly.

Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

Taken promptly, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold overnight. Keep it handy as "the Stitch in Time". Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and no reliable dealer will try to tell you he has something "just as good."

LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
EACH TABLET CONTAINS 1 GRAIN ACETANILIDE
For Colds
PRICE 30 CENTS

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

(Continued from page twenty)

fooling, I'll see you again, won't I?"

Lauretta suddenly felt a coldness around the space that her heart occupied. A queer, sinking sensation.

"You won't talk back to him?" she asked anxiously. "You won't get yourself fired?"

He gave a queer, unpleasant laugh. "Not a chance!" he answered.

He started to say something else. But another influx of the feminine gender surged up in a chattering, perfumed wave. They surrounded him. He cleft his way through them and was gone. Lauretta, trying to glimpse the receding tallness of his figure, forced her lips to a mechanical smile and her voice to perfunctorily courteous answers.

And inside of her she was thinking, "I don't know his name! He'll be fired, I *know* he will! I'll never see him again—and I don't even know his name."

Inside the magnificent black-and-gold office that made a paradoxically Byzantine setting for the small, practical-looking figure of Hiram Gillmer, the tall young man, still in the accouterments of aviation, stood defiant and frowning.

"Listen, pop," he said with a sort of plaintiveness beneath his scowl. "If you want to stage a Cinderella Ball with all the fairy-tale trimmings, including the fitting of a glass shoe on the foot of the most beautiful shopgirl, go ahead! Only—count me out!"

Hiram Gillmer's blue eyes screwed themselves up until they were the merest points of light.

"Look here, you young sprout, did you ever hear of a Cinderella without a Prince Charming? No, and neither did anyone else. How do I sell shoes? By giving women what they want! How am I going to give a Cinderella Ball? By having a Prince Charming for Cinderella—and you're elected!"

The young man gasped.

"IN tights, eh, with a blond curly wig, and all the shopgirls giggling and saying, 'Oh, look, there's Mr. Gillmer's son—he's going to put Mabel's slipper on for her. Ain't it just swell?' Nix, pop; you roped me in on this exposition thing—dragged my plane in here and me with it—"

Hiram Gillmer's eyes flickered. His voice took on an even more nasal quality.

"*Your* plane, eh? And who bought it for you, you young whippersnapper? Who let you go skylarking around in the clouds when you was needed here in the business? Who did, I say, who furnished the money?"

"All right, Mr. Bones, *you* did. And I've told you a thousand times that I'll make money with that plane to pay you back if you'll just let me alone. I have a chance now to go to Denver to stunt for a State Fair. And another job has been offered me in California. But no, you had to have my plane for your exposition! You couldn't rent another—"

Hiram Gillmer suddenly brought a small but terrific fist down upon the polished black surface of the table.

"Why should I?" he demanded. "Why should I spend extra money—"

"Oh, hooey!" his son interrupted. "You've spent thousands on this exposition without turning a hair, and now you have to go and get Yankee on something like my plane, that means a darn' lot to me! Look here, pop, you were the younger generation once yourself; now why not give me a chance at doing something *I* want to do?"

"You have your plane, haven't you?"

Young Benjamin shrugged.

"I don't know. I'm supposed to own it, but here it is in your store—"

Hiram Gillmer nodded. His small, hard eyes did not change expression.

"And it stays here until after the Cinderella Ball. Until after you've been Prince Charming!"

A HOT, profane rejoinder rose to Benjamin's lips. Then suddenly, in the mirror behind his father's rigid back, he caught sight of his own face, twisted with rage.

He hesitated, drew a deep breath, looked again; this time carefully, as if he had never before seen his own features. He was resolving something in his mind, a defiant, hazardous plan.

"All right, pop," he said slowly, "you win the barb-wire garters. You'll have your Prince Charming, but I get my plane back the night of the ball, or I don't play!"

"At midnight, and not a minute before!" decreed the small man in the huge chair.

He smiled a dry, thin smile as the door slammed violently behind the outgoing figure of his son. But his self-satisfaction would have suffered a rude shock if an hour later he could have seen the selfsame young man and the person who was with him.

Benjamin Gillmer sat in a sumptuous apartment of a downtown hotel, *vis-à-vis* with a man almost his counterpart. Except that the other was older, with face much more shopworn.

Robert Bridges extracted a cigarette from a gold monogrammed case. An amused, slightly scornful smile was on his lips.

"But, my dear fellow," he said in his extremely well modulated voice, "you must realize that what you ask me to do is rather—shall we say bizarre? To take your place as Prince Charming at a—well, a shopgirls' ball—isn't that it?—and run the risk of your father's displeasure at the deception and a great deal of adverse publicity for myself."

Benjamin Gillmer glanced rather distastefully about the elegantly furnished room, with its rows of photographs of women—and Robert Bridges.

"Yes, it's slightly bizarre, I grant you that, but no more so than lots of other rôles you've played. I'm willing to pay five hundred dollars, if you would consider that."

The motion-picture actor flicked a small flake of ash from his cigarette, regarding it attentively. He was trying to convey the impression that such an absurd amount was dealing in pennies. But it was rather common knowledge that he was not working.

"My dear chap," he said lightly, "it's really quite absurd. But, being blessed with a sense of humor, I might consider it, just as a favor to you. A very little make-up would complete the illusion—fortunately we are of the same height."

The tall young man drew a deep, relieved breath.

"Great! Then I can take that job of stunting in Denver at the State Fair that's been offered me. If I can make good at it, I'll have something to start on. I'm—I'm thinking of getting married," he added candidly.

"You mean that you are not in line for your father's shoe business?"

"Not a chance!"

The motion-picture actor's jaded eyes were cynical.

"You'll probably find out that the modern young lady will be more interested in you as the heir apparent to the Gillmer millions than as a rising young aviator on his own."

Benjamin Gillmer shook his head. He was seeing, very clearly, a pair of gray-blue eyes lifted to his.

"NOT *this* girl," he said with conviction, "not Lauretta! She's—different. Now about this Cinderella Ball thing. There are one or two points that may be difficult. Pop is going to want a lot of rehearsals, but I'll be out of town an hour after I leave here, and I'll send him a telegram telling him that he'll have his Prince Charming the night of the ball, and not before. Then there's the matter of the costume and the wig."

"I'll furnish them," Bridges told him.

"All right, I'll leave it all to you. I'll send you the five hundred from Denver as soon as I'm paid—I guess you'll think I'm stalling, but my dad doesn't believe in a rich man's son having plenty of money. My plane is the one thing of value he's ever bought me. O. K.?"

"Well—yes; but naturally I shall expect the—small stipend as soon as possible."

"You bet!" Benjamin gripped the somewhat flabby hand in his own hard one. "You're a good egg, Bridges. I hope Cinderella falls for you—hard!"

At the time he meant it. But two weeks later, out in Denver, Colorado, a certain picture looked out at him from the front page of a New York daily, and his heart performed a nose dive in the direction of his boots.

"Cinderella Up-to-Date!" read the caption. "Lauretta Irving Will Represent Famous Fairy-Tale Character at Unique Ball, June 15. Ben-

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Dept. L. 12. S., St. Louis, Missouri
Gentlemen: Above is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

15 SHAVES FREE

We're betting that the trial tube will make you a customer for the regular one

It takes nerve to enter the shaving cream field today; competition is fierce; a cream must be exceptional or fail automatically.

We are so certain of the merit and quality of Listerine Shaving Cream that we are willing to send you a free sample of it. Such samples cost money, but our experience has taught us that once a man tries Listerine Shaving Cream, he becomes a regular customer and buys the large 25¢ tube eagerly.

In the last six months, more than fifty thousand men have switched from former favorites to Listerine Shaving Cream. In every case, the trial tube convinced them of its superior qualities. You will immediately discover these merits yourself.

See how quickly Listerine Shaving Cream lathers . . . with brush or without. In hot water, warm water, cold water—even ice water.

Note how that balmy, satinlike lather lasts—does not dry, harden, or "fall down"; thick, creamy, soothing, at all times.

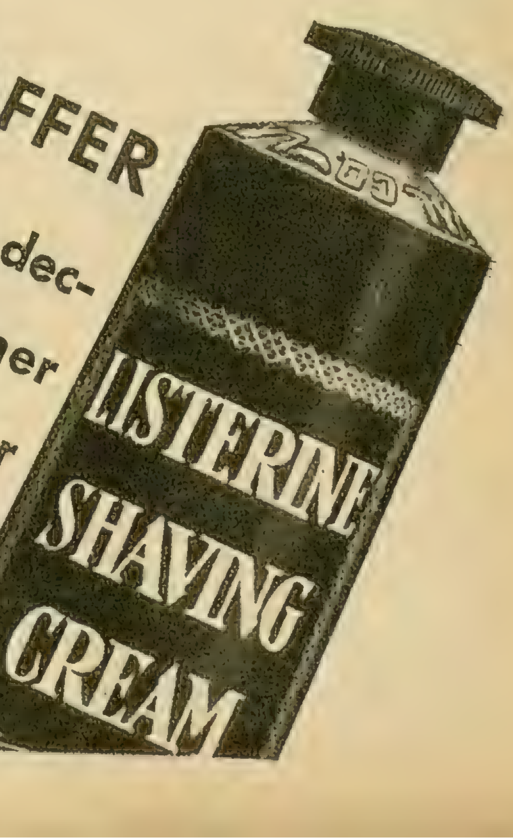
Be on the lookout, too, for that delightfully cool, fresh feeling that this unusual cream imparts to the skin; no redness, no rawness, no burning.

Lastly, bear in mind that the regular size tube contains 104 shaves and sells for 25¢. That's the common sense price for a quality product. To pay more is folly.

Finest quality white porcelain with black trim. Size, 2¾" x 2" x 2". Keeps used blades where they cannot rust fixtures, or injure members of your family.

FREE OFFER

This practical, decorative container for old razor blades GIVEN FREE with a full size tube at 25¢



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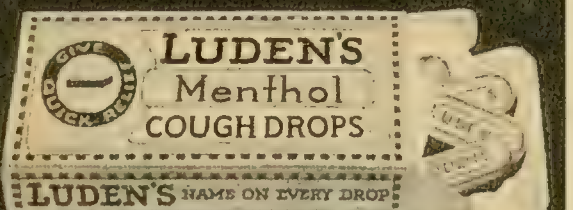
You need no longer suffer the annoying discomfort of Troubled Throats. The medicated Secret Formula in Luden's gives Quick Relief. Its fast-vaporizing menthol action turns Coughing Throats into carefree, happy throats.

℞ Luden's Secret Formula is a laboratory-compounded blend of 11 standard medicated ingredients, recognized and listed by the United States Pharmacopoeia.



LUDEN'S 5¢

jamin Gillmer, Son of Styleshoe Creator, Will Be Prince Charming."

He stared unbelievingly at the lovely face smiling out at him from underneath a little jeweled crown. He drew a deep breath. "June fifteenth—that's tomorrow night. And I've sent five hundred bucks to that professional lady-killer to vamp the one girl I've ever wanted!" . . .

Lauretta Irving had gone through the days following her selection as Cinderella in a sort of trance. It was like living on the inside of an iridescent bubble, through which the outside world could be seen but through which realities could not for the moment penetrate.

First there were the glass slippers. It was not easy to please Hiram Gillmer about them, for he had set his heart on glass, or its very nearest substitute. And as it was manifestly impossible for even a light-footed Cinderella to dance in such brittle footwear, the originator of Gillmer Styleshoes drove to the point of frenzy a corps of designers, inventors, and artisans to evolve a composition which would look like glass, feel like glass, and yet not be glass. The result was a triumph of mind—Hiram's mind—over matter.

Cinderella's shoes had emerged at last from a delirium of repeated failures: fragile, delicious, shimmering things, transparent as the substance they imitated, yet as flexible as cobwebby silk. The absurdly high heels were diamond-studded, flashing exclamation points to the twinkling words of beauty. The buckles were high fantastic jeweled wings that spread back as if better to carry the little dancing feet of the fairy-tale princess. They were enthroned on a white-satin cushion in a show window of Gillmer's Park Avenue shop, and surrounded by alluring posters painted by New York's best illustrators:

"Cinderella will wear these glass slippers at the Ball! One ticket given with each pair of Styleshoes!"

"Prince Charming will come to the Ball seeking his Cinderella! Will *you* be there?"

"Only the most perfect foot in the world can wear this slipper—can *you???*"

THEN there were the costumes. Dove-gray silk for Cinderella's entrance in a pumpkin coach, and a bewildering froth of white satin and lace and rhinestones for the "Transformation Scene."

Was it any wonder that little Lauretta Irving, a small-town girl in a big city, looked at her radiant reflection in the long mirror with half a dozen modistes wrangling as to the fit of the bodice or the hang of a diamond-dusted fold, and told herself, like Marguerite, "No, no, this is not I!"

In the midst of the hectic days of sessions with photographers and newspaper reporters, a sudden volume of letters from all over the country, and endless fittings and rehearsals, one little gnawing regret remained in Lauretta's heart, undisplaced by all the excitement, like one of Cinderella's mice who had not been transformed into a coachman. The tall young man had never come back. He had promised, but he had not come. It was certain that the boss had fired him. But, even so, he might have come just to say good-by.

And the single fly in the Gillmer ointment was the absence of the heir apparent. True, a cryptic telegram had stated, "Prince Charming at ball as agreed comma but no rehearsals stop Matt will take care of details of costume and stage business." Signed, "Ben." Matt was one of Benjamin's friends at the flying field. And although Hiram had pressed him with all the well known Gillmer belligerence, the young aviator had maintained an unbreakable reticence. Ben was out of town. No, he couldn't say where he was. Sure, he'd send the "lines" of his part to him. No, he was sorry, but he had given his word.

Hiram Gillmer swore violently, many a lurid sea oath learned from a seafaring grandfather who had all but disowned his son because his heart was on shoes rather than ships. But to Lauretta he presented a face of blandness and confidence.

"BEN will be there," he told her; "no Gillmer ever yet broke his word. You'll have your Prince Charming, young lady, don't you worry!"

Otherwise the publicity obtained was satisfying even him. The city's jaded fancy had been tickled by the idea of a fairy tale brought to life. It responded both in the sale of Styleshoes and in tickets for the ball. There promised to be a record attendance.

The largest ballroom of the largest hotel in New York had been changed by Hiram Gillmer's dollar-tipped wand into an enchanted palace hung with silver cobwebs and golden moons and glittering stars. Revolving lights of red and blue and purple and green sifted down an ever-changing pattern of colors across the swaying dancers.

There was a silver-covered dais at one end of the huge room, and a white-corded avenue from a side door indicated the entrance through which Cinderella's coach would come.

Hiram Gillmer himself, looking not entirely at ease in a dress suit, was pacing the corridor outside, surrounded by a bevy of his department managers and advertising men.

"Why ain't he here?" he was demanding of his attendant covey of "yes" men for the hundredth time. "Why ain't that young skyoodle *here?* That boy Matt tole me not to worry, and a Gillmer don't break his word, but where is he? It's time for Cinderella's coach, and he ain't on his throne!"

At that moment, as if his words had been a cue, a patter of applause cut through the orchestral harmony and the rhythmic susurration of dancing feet.

"There he is, Mr. Gillmer! Coming through the door over there by the orchestra!"

Hiram Gillmer mopped his perspiring brow and swore a Cape Cod oath.

"Through the orchestra! If that ain't like that fool boy! That's what comes of no rehearsals. Well, boys, he's right good-looking, ain't he? Yellow curly wig and all!" He chuckled nasally, well content. "All right, tell the buglers to announce Cinderella; and send someone to tell the coach to come!"

Never, as long as she lived, would Lauretta forget that moment. She sat, clad in dove gray, in the pumpkin-yellow coach. Her hands were cold and tightly clasped, and her small feet in their sandals of straw were like unwieldy lumps of ice.

As in a dream she heard the faraway blast of the bugles and a stentorian voice announcing, "Your Highness, Cinderella comes!"

The small boys, costumed as mice to draw the coach, hissed to each other. The equipage moved forward, down the corridor, toward the swelling music and the anticipatory murmur of many voices. A barrage of flashlight powders spat little muted cannon balls of smoke at the high ceiling.

Colored lights, revolving; faces, faces, closely pressed; the orchestra playing Pretty Little Cinderella. The steps of the dais before her, and at the top a tall, white, princely figure.

"I MUST make my legs work, I must!" she thought desperately. She was dizzy with stage fright. The rehearsals had been so different, in an empty auditorium, without all the hundreds and hundreds of staring eyes. Breathlessly she sank down into the throne chair. Prince Charming, a white blur against the violent blue-white spotlight, was kneeling before her. The jeweled slippers were transforming her small feet into twinkling twins of beauty.

He was speaking, in a voice rich and melodious:

"Fair Cinderella, you alone can wear the magic slippers. And you alone shall be my princess!"

It seemed to her that her eyes would never focus on his face. He swept off his white velvet cap with its trailing plume, the yellow curliness of the wig bent low before her, and then lifted, so that she saw his eyes.

Then suddenly she gave a gasp. Her cold hand, resting limply in his, clutched spasmodically at his wrist.

"*You!*" she said in a whisper, incredulous, ecstatic.

So this was Lauretta! The girl who was—different! Robert Bridges knew that that whispered word of joy was not for him. But—a gentleman of the screen has a right to some amusement.

"Is it a surprise, little princess?" he asked softly.

There was no time to answer him. Behind the curtains at the rear of the dais impatient modistes were waiting. She slipped into the shadows, and they enveloped her with the shim-

NOW GET CLEAN WHITER TEETH

from the toothpaste you use

MON: GUESS I MUST LIVE ON WITH DINGY OFF-COLOR TEETH. CAN'T GET THEM WHITE, BUT I'LL TRY THIS NEW METHOD AND HOPE.

TUES: AM I SURPRISED? ALREADY MY TEETH LOOK BETTER. FEEL CLEANER. TARNISH IS DISAPPEARING.

WED: GIRLS ARE FOOLS TRYING TO GET BY WITH UGLY TEETH. IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE THEM WHITE AND ATTRACTIVE WITH KOLYNOS.

Results You Can See

In just a few days you'll see exactly how much better and cleaner Kolynos makes teeth look. This double-strength dental cream GIVES TEETH A DOUBLE-CLEANSING YOU CAN'T GET WITH ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE.

1: Foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and kills millions of germs that swarm into your mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles, if neglected. 2: Erases ugly tartar and stain. Before you know it your teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel. Start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, twice daily—for QUICK RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Buy a tube of Kolynos today.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Use only a half-inch on a dry brush twice a day

ONE TUBE OUTLASTS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY PASTE

mering fairy-tale gown that was like sea foam and clouds, diamond-sprinkled. They set the little jeweled crown upon her curly brown hair, and gave a last touch to the rhinestone-powdered lace ruff about the whiteness of her throat.

The bugles blared again, and a shaft of blue-white light smote full upon her as the curtains parted once more. As in a dream she heard the deafening tumult of applause, a spontaneous tribute to youth and beauty and a fairy-tale princess come to life.

Her mind was a whirlpool. Prince Charming was Benjamin Gillmer! Benjamin Gillmer was the tall young man. He had come back—he was Prince Charming—and she was Cinderella.

NEXT WEEK
Beginning—
DARK of the MOON
A Thrilling Novel of Love and the Rum Blockade
by
DOROTHY G. WAYMAN
and
EDWARD DOHERTY
Also stories and articles by Charles Stevenson—Mamie Dennis—Leighton H. Blood—Bert Green—Elmer Davis

The music commenced once more. And as it set the dancers swaying with its passionate, languorous rhythm, Prince Charming was saying, close to her ear, " Cinderella, you are the loveliest thing in the whole world! Will you dance with me, little white princess? "

They danced—again and again. She danced as in a dream. The winged jeweled slippers seemed to be holding her in the air—she was a part of the rainbow glamour of the ever-changing lights, the heady waves of music, the crowded, perfumed motley of the dance. She could not speak; she could only feel. Tomorrow—oh, surely tomorrow could not be so cruel as to come! Tonight was hers; enchantment and beauty and love were hers.

Then he drew her into a palm-bowered room, where the music filtered softly into the semidarkness. His arms went about her and drew her close. She did not resist. But as his lips sought hers, he felt the trembling of her body.

" What is it, sweet? " he whispered. " Are you happy? "

" I—I don't know," she breathed. " It's too much, I think! Perhaps Cinderella felt like this, waiting for the clock to strike twelve. This can't last, can it? It's only a fairy tale? "

He laughed and drew her even closer.

" Little white princess, how beautiful you are! Kiss me. Why are you afraid of love? "

" I don't know," she whispered again; " maybe it's because you seem so different—I'm afraid of you—"

" Say you love me! " he commanded, his lips very close to hers.

" I—I—please don't make me say it. I'm afraid! You're so high above me, you have everything, and I have just—just myself."

" The most precious treasure in the world! Say you love me! Say it—say it—"

He was crushing her so that she could scarcely breathe. Her eyes were closed. The music engulfed them in honey-sweet waves.

" I—love—you—" she whispered, and his lips came down upon hers, fiercely, passionately, drinking deep of her virginal surrender.

A SMALL wispy figure in an ill-fitting dress suit suddenly appeared in the doorway. Shrewd blue eyes peered questingly into the semidarkness of the palm-bowered room.

Confused, her face burning, Lauretta pulled herself away from Prince Charming's embrace. Hiram Gillmer gave his nearest approach to a laugh, a dry, subdued chuckle.

" Well, you young whippersnapper, at last you're showing good judgment. I guess the old man wasn't so dumb after all, eh? But don't you keep the queen of the ball in here to yourself. Some other nice young fellers want to have a dance with Cinderella."

There was no answer from the tall white figure. Instead, he pulled his velvet cap down over his face and started for the door. The movement was ungraceful, hurried—with something of panic in it. Hiram Gillmer involuntarily stepped aside; then suddenly he put a small bony but surprisingly strong hand on the white-satin arm sliding past him.

" Hold your horses there, young feller! " he commanded sharply. His small pin-point eyes were peering into the averted face.

There was a strange tense silence. The tall Prince Charming was breathing hard. Lauretta stood where he had released her, like some beautiful inanimate doll fantastically clad. She could not move. A terrible cold fear was rising up around her like the binding spell of a magician. Something was going to happen—the clock was going to strike twelve for Cinderella.

Then Hiram Gillmer's nasal voice came, hard as flint, from which his short, blunt words struck sparks of fury.

" You—you ain't my son! You're an impostor! A dirty, cheap, low-down impostor! "

LAURETTA saw, rather than felt, her hand go up to her lips—the lips that were still tingling from violent, bruising kisses. She heard her own voice speaking, a queer, far-away sort of voice, as if it came from under an anæsthetic:

" You—you—aren't—Ben? "

Robert Bridges suddenly straightened. He shrugged his white-satin shoulders. He replaced the plumed velvet cap with deliberate, insolent grace.

" Sorry, Cinderella," he said lightly. " I'm not." Then his eyes went haughtily downward to the irate cockerel figure of Hiram Gillmer. " If you have anything further to say about the—er—masquerade, take the matter up with your son. I am acting under his instructions for the evening. And—it may interest you both to know that the person who took the rôle of Prince Charming is "— he paused for the exact maximum of suspense— " Robert Bridges! "

" *What?* " Hiram Gillmer's voice was only a breathy hoarseness. His small eyes began to blink—already his quick mind had done a right-about and was considering new angles of publicity. " Oh, well, in that case, of course, Mr. Bridges—"

But Lauretta suddenly moved forward. Her eyes had lost all their softness. They were hard, blazing blue as sapphires in a flame.

" So—so *that's* who you are! You're Robert Bridges! And you made love to me! You let me go on like a cheap little fool—and he *let* you do it! Why, you—you're married! Do you think I haven't read about you and all your love affairs? You're just what Mr. Gillmer called you! An impostor! A cheat! A thief! "

" Oh, come, come now," he said, laughing a little, and made a movement toward her. But her hand struck out at his face straightly and with unexpected force, so that he reeled. Then she fled past him, out through the doorway, out through the dancers, who made way wonderingly. She crashed full into someone standing at the side entrance near the orchestra—someone who put out a detaining arm. She thrust it away, and was out into a corridor, running blindly, madly, her only thought that of escape.

She heard voices calling after her. She plunged into a narrow passageway off the main corridor where a red light above a door marked an interior fire escape. With strength not her own she flung open the heavy door and pulled it shut behind her as the sound of running feet went past.

A dimly lighted stairway led down to the street floor. But Lauretta sank down on the top step, a crushed, panting huddle of white—fairy feathers that had bruised; filmy clouds that had been scratched by a leaden sky.

The little shining rhinestone crown slid from her disheveled curls and fell in a glinting arc to her feet. The dazzling transparent slippers seemed to wink maliciously, "It's ended, Cinderella; the clock has struck twelve." Suddenly she heard the knob of the door turning. It was being pushed open. She had been discovered.

Sick with fear that had in it no reason or logic, possessed only by the instinct of a hurt, bewildered animal seeking solitude, she sprang to her feet, gathering up her fleeting white draperies, and fled down the stairs.

The glittering jeweled buckle of one transparent slipper struck against the side of a step—she tripped, caught desperately at the railing to keep from falling, and felt the wrenching of her ankle as the glittering shoe came off.

Footsteps were close behind her in pursuit. She cried out as she felt a man's hand on her arm. She fought him off, sobbing hysterically. Then a voice—a voice she *knew*—said:

"Cinderella, darling, you dropped your slipper!"

She stared at him through a distorting veil of tears. But there was no mistaking the face this time, even though the close-trimmed mustache was gone. The eyes were clear and brown, although very weary.

She tried to pull herself away, but he held her gently.

"Wait, Laurie! Gee whiz, I never dreamed that *you* would be chosen! And when I read about it yesterday, out in Denver, I borrowed a plane and made what was pretty nearly a nonstop flight! I got here to the ball half an hour ago. And when I saw that da— I mean Bridges look at you, and you look at him—oh, gosh, Laurie, I was sure paid back for my dumbness! Laurie, will you please, *please* forgive me?"

She managed to nod through a tremulous, rather watery smile. "Listen, Laurie. Let's not go back to that mob—they think your disappearance is part of the stunt, anyway. Let's elope—by airplane! Will you? And I've got a grand job offered me in California. Will you come?"

She hesitated. Then her eyes, misty as blue stars in the rain, smiled at him. "All right, but no magic business, understand? You won't go and get transformed into someone else?"

"No, ma'am!" he promised vehemently, and took her in his arms. "Just you and me and the little old pumpkin plane—how's that for the happy ending?"

Her eyes, radiant and shining, lifted to his.

"*Very* satisfactory!" she told him.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What was Paul Revere's business or profession?

2—Who was the author of "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"?

3—Who was the author of "'Twas the night before Christmas"?

4—What was Lemuria?

5—What is a roorback?

6—Can a fish live out of water?

7—What is a chiliad?

8—What was the origin of the word petticoat?

9—Where is Sèvres and for what is it noted?

10—What was the former name of Australia?

11—What three inventions are attributed to the Chinese?

12—When was the word buncombe (bunk) first used?

13—What is a skink?

14—How many locks are there in the Panama Canal?

15—The flags of which European nations are alike in color, except for the position of the stripes?

16—Who were the Khazars?

17—What is antimony?

18—What is antinomy?

19—Which is the heavier, a pound of quinine or a pound of lead?

20—What building is often called the Cradle of Liberty?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

QUESTION—Why are some people particularly susceptible to winter ills? (*See page 45 for answer.*)

Do you blame common winter ills on outside causes like ★

WET FEET
DRAFTS
CHILLING WINDS
OVERHEATED ROOMS

when your own physical condition may be at fault? ★

No matter how cautious you are about drafts, sloppy weather, raw winds, and overheated rooms, you may still be susceptible to ills this winter if your resistance is low!

In a state of depleted vitality, germs are likely to get the best of you, regardless of special precautions against exposure you may take.

Therefore, as a first defense against usual winter ills, build good resistance! Wet, cold weather and stuffy rooms are unlikely to bother you so much when your general condition is good.

A new concentrate of cod-liver oil vitamins, *Squibb Adex Tablets-10D* provide an abundance of the important factor which helps to increase resistance and physical stamina—Vitamin A.

Squibb Adex are also an exceptionally rich source of Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin.

Each tablet supplies as much Vitamins A and D as one-half teaspoonful of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10 D.

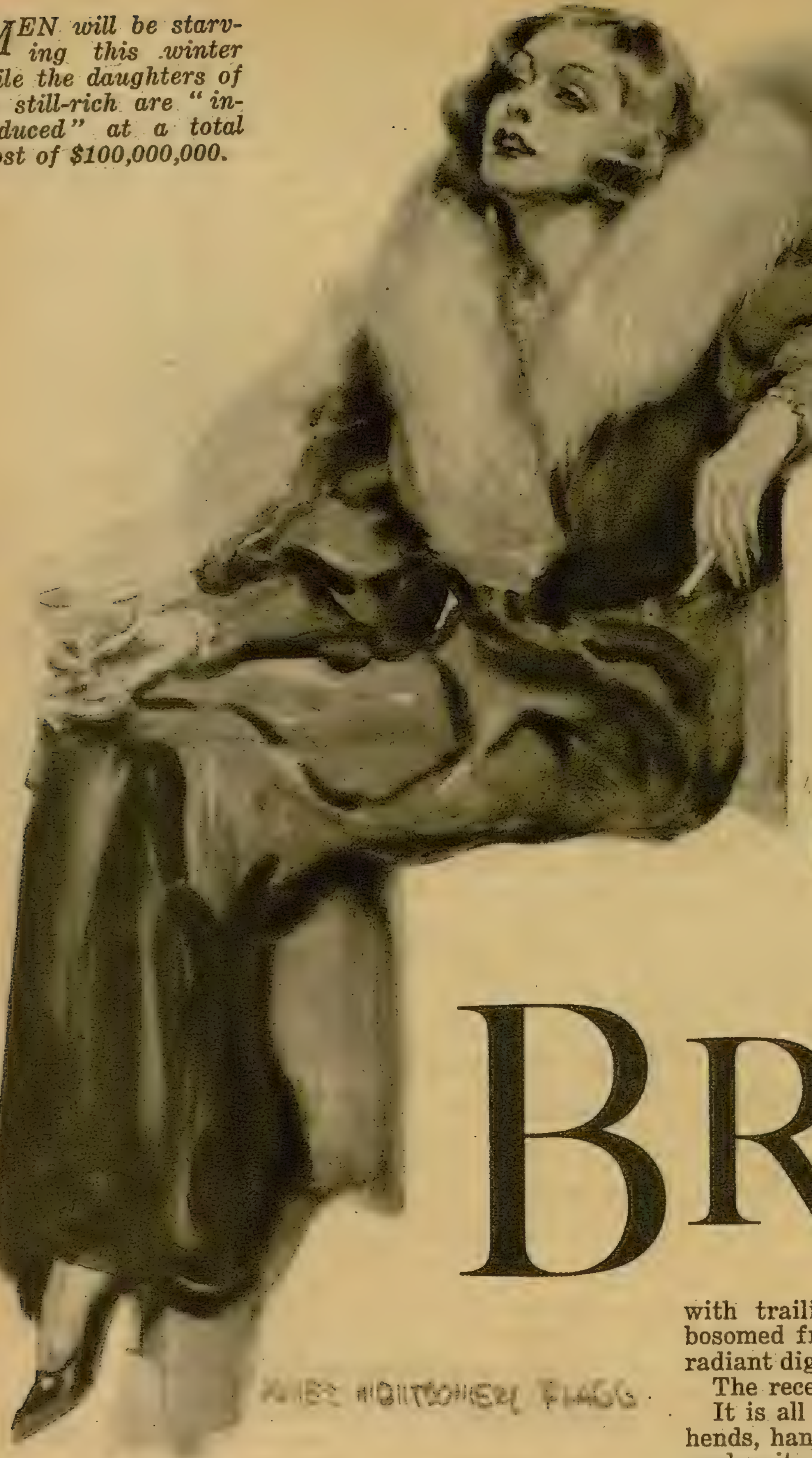
Take Squibb Adex tablets regularly every day. They are chocolate coated, easily swallowed.

Get them at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form.

MEN will be starving this winter while the daughters of the still-rich are "introduced" at a total cost of $100,000,000.



Why Spend to Bring Out Débutantes Nation's Go Hungry?

CORNELIUS

Stag and BREAD

(Reading time: 11 minutes 35 seconds.)

"GIMME a nickel for a cup of coffee, lady?"

The familiar password on the thoroughfares of every metropolis today. He is a shabby, threadbare, gaunt individual with a week's growth of beard.

Her limousine has drawn up behind a line of other ponderous chauffeur-driven cars. She is small and dark and petite, and clothed in shiny, shimmery Parisian black.

She presses the buzzer with her elbow, and James signals one of a squad of burly dicks mingled in the crowd about the exclusive entrance.

A heavy hand is laid upon his shoulder.

"Scram," says The Law, "before I run you in."

Her door is opened. She steps daintily upon a red carpet under an upholstered marquee, shudders ever so perceptibly as the assembled crowd of burly, ill-kept individuals mutter something, and darts within the portals.

Upstairs in the big house all is gayety. Tall candelabra dripping gilded wax into tiny glass frames. Louis Quatorze paneling and antiques. Ladies in pale pastels with trailing gowns, and gentlemen in their white-bosomed fronts and long tails, boutonnière-bedecked in radiant dignity.

The receiving line is never-ending.

It is all a stiff, dull, formal custom, she well comprehends, handed down from Elizabethan days, endured by modernity chiefly on account of its pageantry. In a flowered niche at the end of the drawing-room she sees her hosts, and just beyond them Marie-Louise, saintlike in crinkly white chiffon. In her arms the child carries a bouquet of trailing jasmine and pink rosebuds.

The effect is quite charming. Everything is perforce *de rigueur;* and although Mr. and Mrs. Post D. Pression assure her in their sincerest manner that they cannot give Marie-Louise the kind of a début she ought to have —because times are so hard, my dear—she nevertheless understands that Marie-Louise will never find herself in want!

Somewhere beyond, a stringed orchestra is playing.

A crooner almost inaudibly purrs pianissimo.

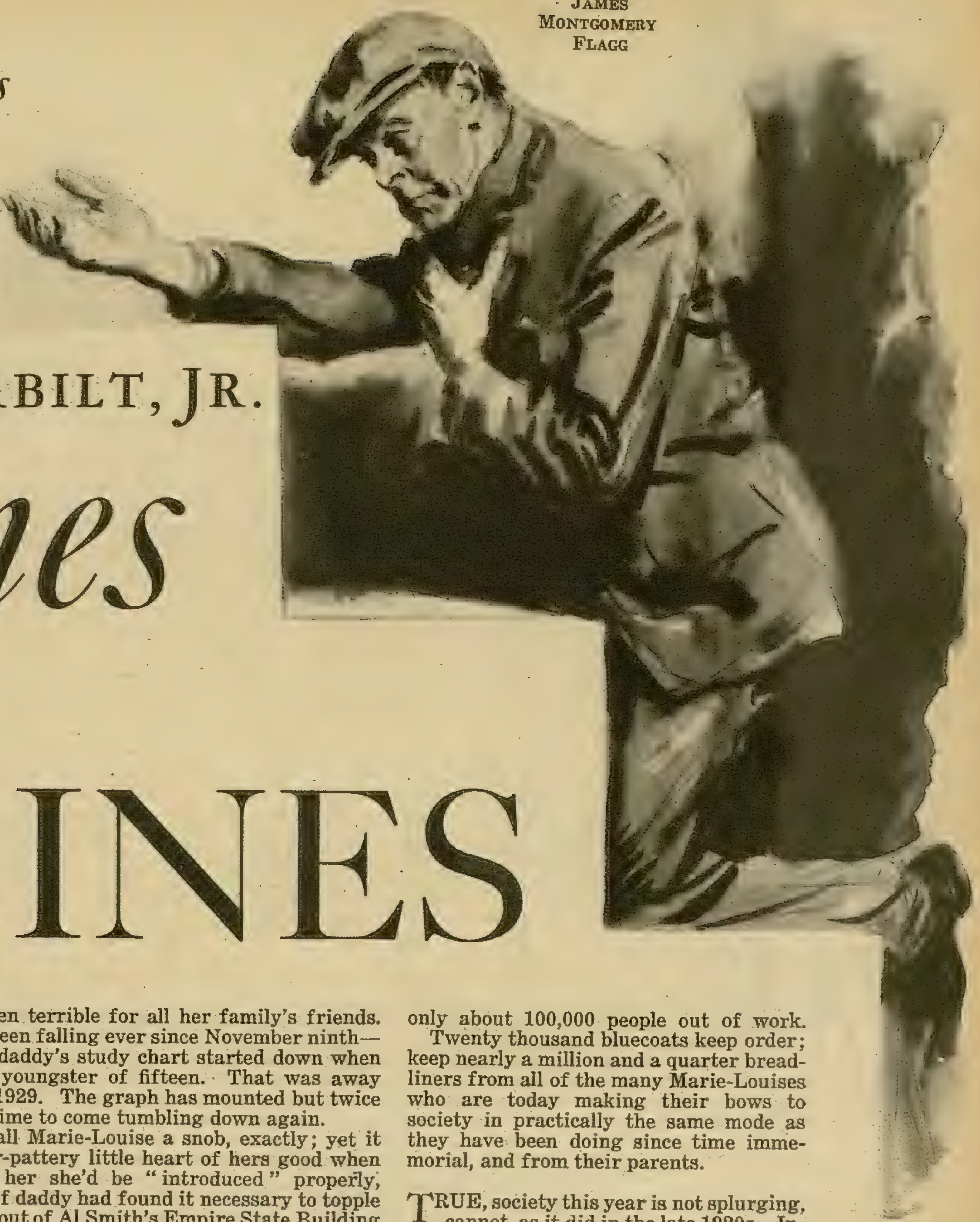
Couples entwined about each other's very beings sway and sag and bend and slouch and curve and sometimes stagger. For just a few steps farther on are carafes and goblets, punch bowls and silver sandwich dishes, and decanters, and the occasional pop of pre-1919 Pol Roget!

It is in celebration of Marie-Louise's coming out that this quiet, tasteful little affair is being thrown! For Marie-Louise is Post D. Pression's 1933 débutante daughter; and, be things as they may, regardless, she must be properly launched.

Picture by
James
Montgomery
Flagg

*$100,000,000
This Season's
and Let the
Unemployed
Asks*

VANDERBILT, JR.



Lines

LINES

Times have been terrible for all her family's friends. The market has been falling ever since November ninth—but the slant on daddy's study chart started down when she was a mere youngster of fifteen. That was away back in October, 1929. The graph has mounted but twice since then, each time to come tumbling down again.

You couldn't call Marie-Louise a snob, exactly; yet it did do that pitter-pattery little heart of hers good when daddy promised her she'd be "introduced" properly, regardless. And if daddy had found it necessary to topple unceremoniously out of Al Smith's Empire State Building the day preceding, no doubt Marie-Louise and her fond mother would have blamed some hidden office romance for daddy's demise.

Maybe I exaggerate; only, there are people like that, a lot of them, still left in Manhattan—and elsewhere.

Their mad egotism has not been quenched. Maybe they'll have to skimp a bit this winter, but Marie-Louise is going to be launched, regardless.

"The government can care for the unemployed; that's why they tax us so," is their philosophy when they expend $30,000 this winter for Marie-Louise's début, and tell the mayor's committee they cannot afford to give and give and keep on giving.

Strange, the contrasts of life.

Two layers of brick, mortar, steel, and cement separate 1,150,000 men and women out of work in New York City alone from practically the same sort of finery as existed—only on a little less expansive a scale—three brief years ago, when, according to the Welfare Council, there were only about 100,000 people out of work.

Twenty thousand bluecoats keep order; keep nearly a million and a quarter breadliners from all of the many Marie-Louises who are today making their bows to society in practically the same mode as they have been doing since time immemorial, and from their parents.

TRUE, society this year is not splurging, cannot, as it did in the late 1920s. Incomes have dwindled to a bare tenth of what they used to be. Hordes of people are living on hoarded shekels, commonly known as principal. But everything is relative in life. If the Post D. Pressions feel it necessary to expend $30,000 for Marie-Louise's début, that is their affair, they argue. There was a day, not a third of a decade ago, when three times that amount would have been considered trivial in the set in which they travel.

Out on the streets long lines of people form twice a day to be handed a bowl of gruel, a cup of lukewarm coffee, a slice of bread, and sometimes a piece of meat.

Six million dollars a month is going to be needed this winter to take care of New York's unemployed. That is the city's estimate of the times.

The Uptown Club, a well known welfare organization, has estimated that a family of five, consisting of two adults and three children, can be cared for for eight dollars and eighty-eight cents a week, and fed twice a day.

It's New .... This Christmas
Winds like a Watch

THE one outstanding gift of 1932 is the new Conklin Nozac (no sack) available in a beautiful assortment of colors and models. Here is the first really new fountain pen seen in many years. You fill it by turning the knurled end of the barrel like you wind a watch. It holds 35% more ink because there is no rubber sack in the barrel. And the ink supply is always visible through a transparent section in the barrel. Here is novelty, value and a greater utility than any pen ever before offered. At $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00 and $10.00. Pencils to match $3.50 and more.

• • •

Other Conklins include the famous Conklin Endura, the peer of all pens employing the familiar rubber sack ink reservoir, at $5.00 and more; the Conklin Ensemble, a combination Conklin pen and pencil at $5.00 and $7.00, and genuine dependable Conklins in new color combinations at $2.75, $3.00 and $3.50. Pencils to match at $1.00, $2.00, $2.50 and more. Shop for gifts where they sell Conklins.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio
Chicago San Francisco

Conklin
NOZAC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Yet there are easily 300 families who have daughters of débutante age scheduled to make their curtsy this winter, and who will spend in the neighborhood of $9,000,000 for this privilege in the six weeks it takes to launch them properly before the social arbiters of the land.

Nine million dollars would feed the 1,150,000 New York unemployed for six weeks.

Out in Chicago a few weeks ago I saw a crowd of perhaps fifty standing in the middle of a block. I asked one of them what they were waiting for. The answer appeared as the back door of a well known exclusive club opened and two colored servants came forth lifting a huge garbage pail between them.

Like vultures, the men and women about me fought to get into that can. They were not poor-looking. Many of them wore overcoats and slightly shabby furs. Some of the men even had white collars and appeared shaven. I looked at their shoes, and there, and there only, could one tell the desperateness of their situations. All day long they trudged the streets answering ads and looking for jobs.

They *wanted* to work. They were ashamed to have to stand in line and beg food. A realization that once upon a time, when God was in His heaven and all was right with the world, clubs had served the better cuts, the rarer dishes, had brought them of one accord to the back doors of the places some of them may have once belonged to.

I took eight of these individuals, picked at random from among those who *couldn't* get into the garbage can, down to a near-by restaurant of the chain variety and fed them. When they were through I managed to chat with a couple of them.

ONE young fellow, whose cheeks were a little sallow and who coughed a lot, told me he'd been working all of his life for twenty-five dollars a week. He was twenty-eight when he caught a bad cold. The past four years he got out in the parks and along the lake front as much as possible. Slowly health had ebbed. He read somewhere that he could go to Arizona for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, day coach, and for an additional forty dollars a month he could be hospitalized until the cough disappeared. In his savings account he had $260, deposited over a period of four years. That would take him to Arizona and keep him at least five months, and by that time he might find work on a ranch, or something.

But his sweet little old mother passed away, and after he'd finished paying for her burial he had scarcely enough left even to get to Arizona. Six months later the factory he worked in closed without notice and owing two weeks' back pay; and how he'd kept body and soul together the past two years he couldn't even begin to tell.

A little lady in the late forties said that if she could convince them she was ten years older, she might be admitted into an old ladies' home. She said she'd called upon her former employer in his magnificent Lake Shore Drive house some months back and asked his butler to ask him if he'd contribute fifteen dollars a month (less than fifty cents a day) toward her care in this home. Her only reply was to have the iron grille doors closed in her face and the corner cop warn her to "move on."

Yet that same evening, or so she told me, his eighteen-year-old daughter Hélène made her bow to North Shore society at a cotillion in the Winter Club in Lake Forest, Chicago's exclusive suburb. And the papers the following day (she produced a clipping to show me) raved at the magnificence of the affair.

THIS winter men and women and little children will be starving while the still-rich parade their offspring. Not a major city in the land escapes its débutante racket. Hardly a young woman out of a $3,000-a-year finishing school avoids being presented. The hokum, the feigned necessity become a matter of major importance wherever starvation and unemployment go hand in hand.

Remember, please, these eighteen-year-olds have grown up with the people to whom they are being presented.

Could anything be more farcical?

But Mr. and Mrs. Post D. Pression feel they have their position in society to uphold. True, they are much poorer this fall than they were three years ago. But they can skimp a bit and get by. Besides, it will have a better effect on their friends, who will believe the Post D. Pressions were more sagacious than they in their investments. Also—and this is a very popular theory this winter, I find—it will be loosening a bit of cash to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. Indirectly, then, it will be helping the unemployed.

Certainly to rent one of the entertaining floors of the most fashionable new hotel at $5,000 for the evening will benefit the hotel holding company! The buffet supper for 500 at five dollars a plate—$2,500—will help the *chefs de cuisine!* You can't secure a first-class nine-piece orchestra for less than $1,000 for an evening—not in New York! And the crooner, if he is anyone well known at all, gets $1,000 more. Employees in livery, detectives and so forth run to an additional $500. That's $10,000 for the evening already!

Then, of course, there are the refreshments—Pol Roget 1919 sells in these prohibited days for about $300 a case. Five hundred thirsty débutantes and collegians, with a sprinkling of mammas and papas, will consume twenty cases—$6,000.

There should be ten cases of Scotch —$1,000; and two cases of fine old liqueurs—$500. And so the refreshment problem can all be settled for about $7,500—a mere pittance, you see.

Exotic flowers from the city's

smartest florists will come to no less than $2,500 more.

Marie-Louise's launching will cost perhaps $20,000, then.

The ensuing six weeks would be a nightmare to any less well primed youngster. Teas will be given for her by well meaning relatives. Grandmother will, of course, be the first to entertain. Aunts and uncles, cousins and close friends will follow.

She must go to the opera at least twice a week. A part-time box in the Metropolitan's Golden Horseshoe will cost daddy $5,000 for the season. Opera dinner parties must be made up, young people invited, tables reserved at the best restaurants and night clubs for supper and dancing afterward. You can't go to any of the better-class New York night clubs with an opera party of seven for less than $150 an evening. Twice a week for nine weeks of the opera season brings this to $2,700.

Then there are the theater parties. Marie-Louise must see every new musical comedy and not less than five of the other Broadway productions during the season. She goes to the hockey matches, to the automobile, the motor-boat, the flower, the horse, and the dog shows. She is lucky to do it all for $2,300.

WE haven't even spoken of her clothes. Marie-Louise is lucky if she can be properly attired for $5,000.

Funny thing, I thought in the beginning of this yarn that her début in 1933 would cost but $30,000; now, really, I don't see how it can be accomplished for less than $35,000.

In Baltimore, at the Junior Assembly this winter, there are perhaps 100 young women making their bow to the tune of $25,000 apiece. For in Baltimore, you see, you don't have to cope with the opera, theaters, night clubs, and exhibits in the six-week launching period.

The $2,500,000 thus spent by Baltimore's first families would take care of the million and a quarter undernourished babies in this country for the same six weeks!

Nowhere, with conditions as they are, is there as much nonsense over the social presentation as in these United States, except perhaps in the custom of getting American girls presented at the Court of St. James.

The coming-out racket will cost American families this winter in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. That would house, feed, and clothe for one week the 11,400,000 persons who President Green of the American Federation of Labor said in October were unemployed and without visible means of nourishment. But if you mentioned it that way to any of the 3,000 families who will bring their daughters out, you would immediately be met with critical glances, arched eyebrows, and what not. Wealthy parents in society are always interested in anything that will help them; entirely uninterested in the affairs of the unfortunate out of work.

THE END

Makes $1 equal $3 in fighting colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

FEWER colds this year — quicker relief from those you catch — and money saved besides. That's the promise Pepsodent Antiseptic makes you. Millions by experience can tell you it's true. Pepsodent Antiseptic is different from other leading mouth Antiseptics.

$1 does the work of $3

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful in killing germs — it goes 3 times as far — gives you 3 times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds. In fighting stubborn colds, remember there really are only two leading kinds of mouth washes on the market. In one group is the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe when used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than* 10 *seconds!*

Don't fool yourself

It is bad enough to pay the extra cost of using antiseptics that must be used full strength...it's worse to dilute them and fail to kill the germs . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills the germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be safe!

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(Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

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Head Colds
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Mouth Irritations
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After Extractions
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Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

A Sa SIL

By FREDERICK

Edward G. Robinson i Satire; a Comic Strip

A screen gangster in a new rôle—Edward G. Robinson (shown with Bebe Daniels) in a picture of early silver-mining days out in Colorado.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 56 seconds.)

ALTHOUGH the movies owe David Wark Griffith a debt they never can repay, they seem to offer the pioneer director no place in their great present-day business of picture making. So Mr. Griffith is going to produce a Broadway stage play.

Once an actor, the man who made The Birth of a Nation, and who brought beauty, sensitiveness, and magnitude to the then lowly films, is going back to his first love. He will produce Damn Deborah, a story of a Tory daughter who dons masculine attire and fights in the Revolution.

Dorothy Gish may play the leading rôle, if plans are completed. Miss Gish, as you know, came to first success under Griffith direction.

Mr. Griffith's venture will be an interesting one—but his place is in a Hollywood studio.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ SILVER DOLLAR

The remarkable and, as it turns out, highly fortunate casting of Little Cæsar as a Western prospector provides Edward G. Robinson with one of the best rôles of his screen career. These quick-on-the-trigger boys may have something in common, after all.

Every time a movie company attempts a real historical character, a descendant or two sues for damages. But I think it is no secret that Yates Martin, Mr. Robinson's character, is based upon the rich and picturesque career of Haw Tabor, Colorado pioneer whose touch turned everything to silver.

Tabor rode to fabulous wealth with the Leadville silver strike, bought his way into the United States Senate for a term of thirty days, discarded his wife of hardpan days in favor of an ornate blonde, badgered an American President into attending his wedding, built great hotels and theaters in Colorado to glorify his luck, and sank to poverty when America, under McKinley, definitely adopted the gold standard. Silver plunged in value—and Tabor died broken-hearted in 1899.

In Mr. Robinson's competent hands the Tabor counterpart, Yates Martin, becomes a curiously fascinating character—reckless, extravagant, flamboyant, a simple man dazzled by his own luck. In poverty, forgotten by the people he had befriended, Martin dies upon the deserted stage of the great Denver opera house he had erected for his beloved state.

Silver Dollar is an engrossing picture of boom mining days, when our land was rugged and adventurous, hard living and hard playing. Mr. Robinson's performance is one of genuine histrionic stature and he gets effective aid from Bebe Daniels as his bride of silver-king days and from Aileen MacMahon as the discarded wife.

A film for comic-strip fans, Little Orphan Annie features Mitzi Green—shown below with Sandy.

ga *in* VER

AMES SMITH

nother Hit; a Football d a Wrestling Picture

Victor McLaglen and Greta Nissen in the college satire, Rackety Rax.

Joel McCrea, Marian Marsh, William Gargan, and Skeets Gallagher in The Sport Parade, a film which glorifies the gentle art of wrestling.

★ ★ ½ RACKETY RAX

Joel Sayre's satire on football shows how gangsters, dazzled by the big gates of college football, decide to muscle in on the new racket. So Knucks McGloin, the big boss, buys Canarsie College, assembles a team of gorillas, and is headed for gridiron glories when a rival racketeer buys another college.

The big game between Canarsie and Gilotti's Lakeview University is a hilarious slapstick affair, what with gangsters picking off forward passes with gats, but the visual antics of Mr. Sayre's characters fail to touch the lusty humor of the original tale.

★ ★ LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

I am afraid this film is entirely for followers of the comic-strip activities of Harold Gray's heroine, as well as her pal, Mickey, Daddy Warbuck, and Sandy the dog. However, Annie is one of the big favorites of the funnies, which ought to insure its success. For the rest of us the joy and tears of Mitzi Green as Annie and Buster Phelps as Mickey will constitute mild entertainment. Miss Green imitates the Four Marx Brothers (what a swell Groucho she is!) Master Phelps is a real child find.

★ ★ THE SPORT PARADE

Although this film casts an occasional cynical eye upon the noble art of wrestling, in which the falls are made in the back room before the match begins, it really glorifies the playful pastime of grab and grunt.

Baker and Brown have been Dartmouth football stars, and after graduation they drift into a newspaper sport department. They quarrel over a pretty co-worker; Baker quits and becomes a professional wrestler.

The film pictures the happy-go-lucky life of the paid sport observer, moving back stage at football games, horse races, auto speedways, and six-day races. But the big moment is Joel McCrea's wrestling match with the bone-breaking champion.

Do you know that—

Tallulah Bankhead is to appear in a stage play by Zoë Akins?

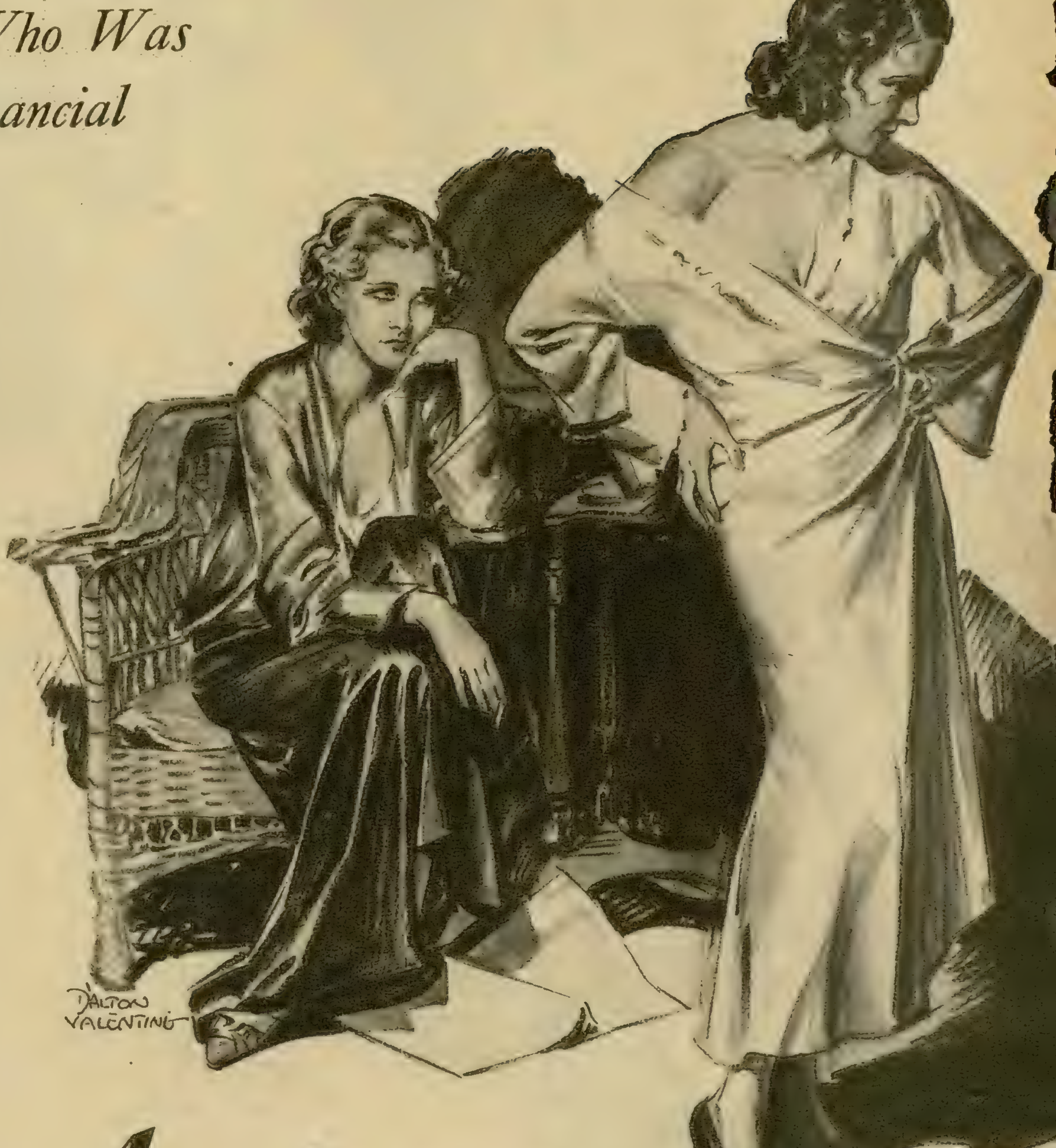
Four- and-three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton.

The Romance of Myrna, the Blonde, Who Was Strictly Financial

And Then, the Money



(Reading time: 25 min. 45 sec.)

THE doorbell rang. Flossie Minger, sunk far down in a huge overstuffed chair, one pyjama-clad leg flung over the arm of it, turned her head up from her magazine and looked across the room toward the desk.

Her roommate, Doris Schloss, at the same time suspended operations on the penholder at which she had been nibbling furiously to glance at Flossie.

"Who's that?" Flossie queried accusingly.

"How should I know!" Doris snapped back.

The bell rang again, and their glances shifted to the door and then swung back at each other.

Finally, as the bell rang for the third time, sharply and persistently, Doris angrily hurled her pen at the desk.

"Wonder you couldn't get up off your haunches once in a while and answer that bell," she flung at Flossie.

She crossed the room in three strides and impatiently pushed again and again at the electric button which released the catch on the downstairs door. The apartment the girls occupied being the third-floor rear of an ancient four-story walk-up, it was naturally to be expected that the door phone would not work.

Flossie carefully laid down her magazine open to the page at which she had been reading, sat up and reached for her kimono lying in its bright green splendor across the back of the chair on which she was sitting. Standing up, she drew it on over her sheer and flimsy scarlet pyjamas and, settling herself comfortably back in the chair, glanced at her wrist.

"It's eleven o'clock. Who do you suppose it is?" she asked Doris again in a stage whisper.

Doris, who was holding the door six inches open with one hand and clutching her pink negligee about her with the other, stood peering out into the dimness of the hall. She was intently following the progress of the intruder upward.

After a moment's suspense the head of a young woman appeared on the stairs, and presently there was exposed to view her whole modishly attired figure, now somewhat lopsided and stooped with the weight of the immense suitcase she carried.

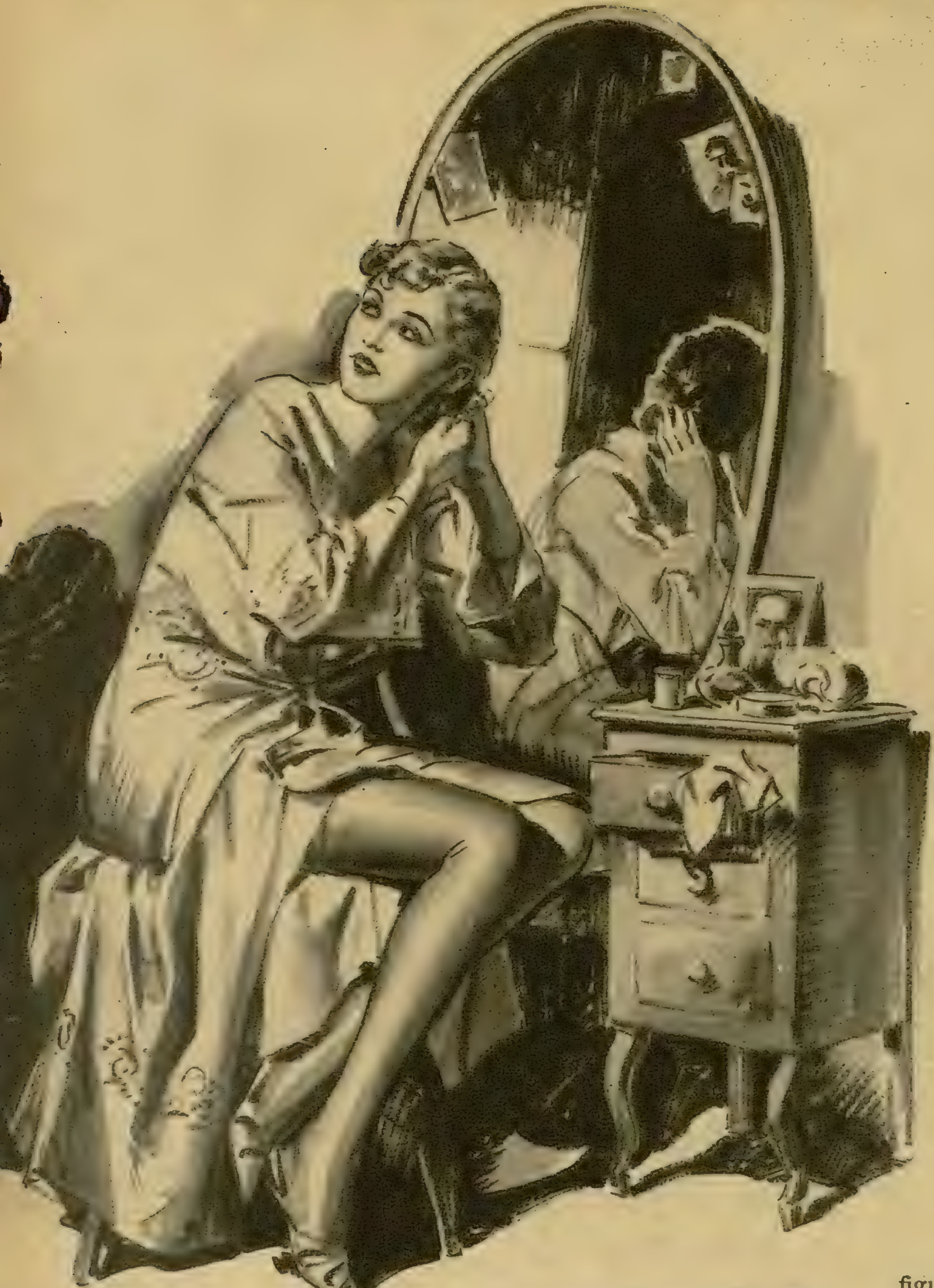
"My Gawd, if it ain't Charity!" Doris, whose fine Harvard accent occasionally slipped under the stress of

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By

A. BRINTON CARSON

Picture by
D'ALTON VALENTINE



That night Doris started to work on Charity while the three of them were getting ready for bed.

moon

heavy emotion, burst out. Flossie jumped as though a pin had pricked her.

"That's right," the figure at the door assented. "Little Myrna McSwarthy herself. Can I come in?" She laughed a little, pleasantly.

Doris silently swung the door open on its hinges, and Myrna came in, setting her suitcase down with a sigh of relief in the center of the room. "Still the same old place, isn't it? Just like it was a year ago when the three of us shared it," Myrna said.

"Yeh," Flossie acquiesced without enthusiasm.

Doris found her voice again: "Well, where'd you come from?"

"A very nice little apartment on *West*"—she accented the West—"Eighty-second Street." Myrna said this casually, being very intent upon pulling off her gloves.

NOW, Myrna was the sort of person you looked at once, turned for a second look, and then remembered for a week, whether you were a man or a woman. Her mite of a hat revealed tufts of blond hair which, when let down for the night, was very long and very silken in texture. Her figure left nothing to be desired save Myrna.

She was tall, but even short men did not seem to mind that unless she was very much annoyed with them; then she could draw herself up to her five feet seven and be quite imperious. In some ways it was one of the best tricks she had and she used it with great discrimination. Otherwise she seemed all soft and yielding—which, as several noted figures in the life of the big city might have confessed, was a snare and a delusion.

For Myrna McSwarthy had not missed a trick since she had graduated from high school in Philadelphia seven years previous to this date. She had been in the midst of a secretarial course when she had decided to go after the bigger things of life. And they all were written with dollar signs for capitals.

She had come to New York and for six years had played her own game with a high hand. And very lucrative it had been. A good secretary, she was far better at painless extracting. Men, given the chance, raved about her. She saw to it that they were given the opportunity and she let them rave. And then while they were still raving she made them pay for their little fun.

For the last year of the six she had roomed with Flossie, who had brought her short figure with its tendency toward obesity down from the Bronx, and with Doris, who had dragged her five foot five over from Brooklyn to have coats and cloaks draped on it in a downtown wholesale house. Flossie concealed her shrill wee voice behind the cashier's window of any movie house that needed a cashier and reserved her pout for special occasions.

Flossie and Doris both realized it was a very difficult world for young ladies to get along in and that it did not pay to be hasty in refusing any of the little favors that men were so anxious to do for you. So they took what they could, smiled very nicely, and said thank you. Not so Myrna, or Charity as she was sometimes called, an appellation that Doris had bestowed on her for obvious reasons.

Charity had said: "You'll never get anything out of those birds. A dinner; a show; a club. What're they? Nothing. Most men expect to do that much." Perhaps she had just walked in with some little trinket on her arm. "Only worth a couple of hundred," she would say and taking it off would toss it disdainfully into the jewel box on her dressing table.

Doris and Flossie would look at her curiously, whereupon she would add: "Not yet, dearies. Little Myrna is still virtuous as hell. But wait. Hang on tight. One of these days a man'll come along who'll pay my price. And when he does and will"—she would give a little shrug—"why, he gets me, that's all. And I'm not marrying any of them to get it, either."

One day, about a year before this night, the girls had come home to find that Myrna had departed. Her note had said merely:

"So long, girls. I got my price. See you in the big time."

A week later a letter had come. "This will take care of my share of the apartment for a few months. I suppose you'll be taking a smaller place then."

She had signed the letter, "With love—Charity," and had inclosed a check for two hundred dollars.

Doris had raved. "The dirty so-and-so!" She was all for throwing the check in Myrna's face. Flossie had very reasonably pointed out that since they did not know where to find her it might be difficult to do, so they had split it between them.

Now she had the nerve to walk in calmly at eleven o'clock at night as if nothing had happened.

"TO what do we owe the pleasure of *your* company?" Doris wanted to know.

"Oh," Myrna smiled and replied airily, "I thought I'd stop and see you. It's been almost a year since I've seen either of you."

"Yeh," Flossie muttered, "almost."

"Where've *you* been?" Doris asked. "We've been here."

"I know, I know." Charity brushed the remark aside. "But you know how it is. These men seem to think they should have all the attention. And when you're being paid for it—" She made a little gesture with her hands.

"Yeh? What happened?" piped Flossie.

"Just one of those things. I found out tonight he'd lost all his money. So little Myrna departed. Left a note for him."

"Who was this guy?" Flossie asked.

"What do you care? He's out of circulation."

Myrna, patting at her hair, walked into the bedroom looking for a mirror.

"I see you got rid of the big double bed," she called back to Doris and Flossie staring at each other helplessly. "That's not so good. I thought maybe you girls could put me up for the night. It was so late I didn't want to go to a hotel. But," she added casually, "I don't mind crowding in with you girls for one night."

Doris and Flossie both started to speak and then stopped. It was the old story. Myrna wants this; Myrna wants that. Myrna gets them.

"It'll be like old times," Myrna cried gayly. . . .

The next morning at eight thirty, when Doris left for work, Myrna was still sleeping peacefully. Flossie usually did not leave this early, but this morning she had gotten up when Doris had, to ride downtown with her.

"The nerve of it!" Flossie exclaimed when they were well clear of the apartment.

"Nerve, and how!" Doris answered. "She'll probably camp on us for months. I wonder how she's fixed."

"We ought to have asked her."

"She'd tell us—yes she would not! Probably was waiting for us to ask, so she could spring her sob story. If I know Charity she's pretty well heeled right now."

"I guess she is. She probably figures it'll look better if she's roomin' with us instead of in a hotel."

"Probably. Dearie, what I wouldn't give to see her handed a comedown! I wish I knew some man that we could get to give her a come-on and then walk out on her."

"Well, ya don't, so forget it. See ya tonight."

"Wait a minute. Got anything on for tonight?"

"No."

"See you at Mike's for dinner at six."

IT was well after six when Doris arrived at Mike's that night, to find Flossie already seated.

"Hello," she answered Flossie's greeting abstractedly.

"Say, kid, we've got it all fixed. About Charity, I mean," Doris broke out as soon as she had drawn her chair up to the table. "I've got a scheme that'll bust her wide open and leave her gasping for breath. Dearie, it's a honey."

"Shoot it," Flossie said.

"Well, who do you think I met this morning? Ernie."

"Ernie who?"

"Why, Ernie Wattson. You know, the big-timer that was giving me a play just before Myrna dropped out of sight?"

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"Tall, dark-haired fellow; wore a black derby, black overcoat, and gray spats—played the horses and the market and threw money around like he had all there was? Yeh, I remember him."

"Well, I saw him today. Met him on Broadway on my way to lunch. He looks the same. Dressed like a fashion plate."

"'Take me to lunch,' I says to him, 'and we'll talk things over.'

"Then I got the dirt. Flossie, would you believe it, that guy's broke; busted flat. Yeh, that's a fact. At first he said he'd be glad to take me to lunch but that he hadn't been to the bank. So big-hearted Doris thought, 'What the hell, Dorie,' and I paid the check myself.

"Then I got the low-down. Same old story. He'd shot the roll and hadn't kept a thing out of it. Hadn't a nickel. I don't know how he's getting by, but he still dresses swell. Said he'd only been on his uppers a month or so." Doris stopped for breath.

"Well, what about it?" Flossie asked cynically, picking up the menu as the waiter approached. "Whadda ya going to have?"

When they had ordered, Doris took up her story.

"WHEN I heard he was busted I got a bright idea. Why not play him off against Charity? I thought. Get her all steamed up about this guy with plenty of jack. After she's roped him she'll find out he hasn't a nickel, and we'll have the laugh."

"Yeh; it's a swell idea. But maybe he knows her or she knows him. That wouldn't be so good."

"Well, he didn't know her a year ago when he and I were running around. Not so long as my name's Doris Schloss. Think I'd introduce a nice open-handed boy like Ernie to Charity? Hell, no."

"All right—all right. They don't know each other. That's all settled. How about Ernie? I suppose he'll enter into the game in the spirit of fun in which it's intended? He will not."

Doris ignored that and went on:

"My idea is this: We'll play him off against her at the same time. See? Tell him she's just come into a lot of money but she's afraid some guy'll marry her for it. Get the idea?"

"Where'd you get that idea? It don't sound like you. It's too smart. Maybe Ernie won't be interested. Ever think of that?"

"Yes, I thought of that. He said today he'd like to get married. 'Money?' I asked, and he says yes. What d'ya think of that?"

"A little tough on Ernie."

"Oh, what the hell. Any guy that'd marry money—"

"Told him the story yet?"

"No. I figured I'd talk to you first."

"Why consult me?" from Flossie laconically.

"Well, you see—I thought—well,

Are you still "dosing" Colds?

A GENERATION AGO, it was the custom to give large doses of internal medicine for colds and practically every human ailment. Today, the trend of medical practice is steadily away from needless "dosing", especially in the treatment of colds.

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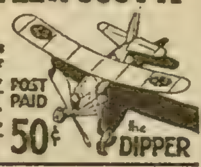

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that is, we'd probably have to stake Ernie so's he could marry this rich woman."

"Sa-ay. What's the idea? And when he finds out the truth I suppose he'll step up nobly and pay it back!"

"Well, no. But I'm willing to put up, say, fifty dollars just to twist a knife in McSwarthy. And if they really did a rush job of it and got married, believe me it would be worth it."

"Yeh. But fifty dollars is a lot of money. I presume you mean fifty apiece?"

"That's the idea. Now, listen, Flossie. Come on; be a sport. You've got a nice little balance in the bank. Fifty bucks won't ruin you. Can't you see Charity coming in and telling us—us, mind you!—about this wealthy dude that's crazy about her? She'll probably size him up as a tightwad and get all set to pry him loose from some big money. Dearie, can't you see her face when she finds out? Why, it's worth more than fifty."

Doris kept at it. Myrna was apt to camp on them for months, she said. If they pulled this off she wouldn't have the face to stay. They could rub it in till she left. She'd probably cost them a lot more than the fifty if they didn't get her out.

In the end Flossie capitulated and agreed to put up her share, adding, "It better be a good show, that's all."

"You just leave everything to me, kid. It'll be a show you won't forget. And from a ringside seat too."

"Make it a box at the opera," Flossie flippantly retorted.

DORIS started to work on Charity that night while the three of them were getting ready for bed.

"Dearie," she said to her, "do me a big favor, will you? I got a bird on the string who's getting mean. Thinks he wants something more than a bright smile."

"Dish him." Myrna was not particularly interested in other people's troubles. At the moment she was monopolizing the sole dressing table while combing out her hair. If Doris had had any remaining qualms, which she hadn't, Myrna's monopoly of the table removed them.

"Sure, dish him. That's what I'm doin'. He's too much for me to handle. He's blonde-crazy, I guess. Thinks brunettes only exist for convenience. Takes me to dinner and raves about every blonde he sees."

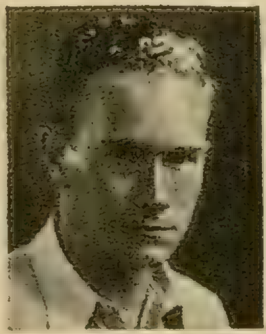
"Any money?" Myrna spoke languidly, casually, as though money were the last thing she thought of, and then only under extreme compulsion.

"Rolling in it. But I can't pry him loose. Tight as the devil. I thought maybe you could handle him. That is, if you want to. Haven't anybody in tow right now, have you?"

"Not exactly. But of course if *you* can't get it out of him, dearie," Myrna said deprecatingly, pulling the loose hairs out of her comb, "what chance have I?"

"Oh, snap out of it, Charity," Doris retorted disgustedly. "You know darn' well that none of them stand a chance when you get working on them. Especially if they have a taste for blondes. Thank God there are a few gentlemen at least who thoroughly dislike them. It'd be sort of tough on the rest of us if there weren't."

Doris raved on; and though at times she wanted to laugh in Myrna's face, she gradually brought Myrna around to the point of accepting the offer.



A. Brinton Carson, the author of this story, writes in the lulls between busy seasons of the engineering firm with which he is connected. He is twenty-six, was born in Philadelphia, lives there now, and some day intends to devote all his time to writing.

"TELL you what we'll do," she burst out finally, as though suddenly seized with an inspiration. "We'll give him the idea you have some money."

"Well, maybe I have."

"Yes, yes, I know," Doris cried out in exasperation at the *grande dame* manners of this *cocotte;* "but I'll make him think you're wealthy, see? They don't suspect a wealthy woman the way they do the rest of us."

"Oh, all right," Myrna acquiesced. "One of the wealthy McSwarthys of Philadelphia. You mean that line?"

"Sure; that's the ticket."

As a matter of fact Myrna was particularly fond of that rôle. It worked beautifully. She would be introduced as Miss Myrna McSwarthy. "One of the Philadelphia McSwarthys, you know," she'd murmur gently. And how they fell for it!

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" Doris exclaimed. "I'll have him stop out here tomorrow night. He wants to date me. I'll tell him I'm engaged for the evening, but that I have a friend who just came into a pile of money staying with me. I'll tell him he can entertain her for the evening if he wants to. By the time I get through describing you, dearie, he'll want to."

If the last was malicious Myrna took no notice of the fact. If indeed she had any suspicions as to Doris' intentions, she was at pains to hide them. The truth of the matter was that she mistrusted Doris and Flossie quite as much as they did her. And she knew she had good reason to. At the same time, she was completely foot-loose and had, as it were, just come from behind high walls. She had made contacts before this which in the distance had not seemed very alluring and had had them turn out to be very valuable. Moreover, she knew her own value; knew that she had a way of handling even the most difficult men so that they gave her what she wished almost gratefully in return for the privilege of giving, which she graciously bestowed on them.

So what qualms she may have had she resolutely laid aside until such time as events might require their being brought forth. And though she did not particularly trust the girls nor put much faith in Dorie's story, she dismissed them both as being capable of nothing more deadly than palming her off on a dude. Correctly or incorrectly, she felt that no woman was to be feared who had no more success with her men than had Doris or Flossie.

The following morning, awaking after the girls had been gone for some time, Myrna, lying there idly, wondered whether it would be someone she knew.

"I ought to have found out his name," she muttered sleepily to herself, rolling over for the last half-hour's pre-rising snooze. . . .

Everything was in readiness. Myrna, looking her best in a gorgeous black evening dress with tight bodice and delicately flared skirt, adorned solely by a long rope of pearls that brought out as well the delicate texture of her skin as it broke the severity of the black décolletage, sat quietly reading in the living room.

This living room Myrna had violently condemned as unnecessary when they had first taken the apartment.

"Give a man a comfortable chair to sit in and see what a tough job you have getting him out of it. A man never feels wholly at ease in a woman's bedroom. Make him sit on the edge of the bed while you're putting on your hat and he'll be thinking up places to go."

"Yeh," Flossie had said; "but he'll spend the rest of the evening figurin' how he can get you back there again. What's the use of giving them ideas? They've got plenty to begin with."

Outnumbered, Myrna had been able to do nothing but agree, although she had maintained till the last that one big room would have been cheaper than the two smaller ones.

TONIGHT Flossie and Doris were still pottering around in the bedroom. They had planned to get out of the way for a couple of hours and leave the field to Myrna.

The doorbell rang.

"Let him in, will you, honey? I'll be right there," Doris called.

Myrna laid down her magazine and walking over pushed the button. Then she crossed to the far side of the room as Doris hurried in and, half opening the door, stood there waiting for Ernie to appear. Flossie was still in the bedroom.

"Good evening, Mr. Wattson." Doris gave him the cue as she opened the door to admit him.

Ernie came in, his evening clothes setting as naturally and easily on his tall person as though they had been his natal togs.

"Mr. Ernie Wattson, may I present Miss Myrna McSwarthy?"

Standing a yard apart in the middle of the floor, they stared at each other silently for a moment. In the dim light of two small table lamps it was difficult to judge of their expressions.

"The Philadelphia McSwarthys," Myrna muttered as she held out her hand.

"Oh," Ernie laughed, "the Philadelphia McSwarthys. Yes indeed. I am delighted to meet you, Miss McSwarthy. Myrna? Is that right?"

With a scarcely perceptible toss of the head and a hint of a smile, Myrna acquiesced. "Dear Dorie wouldn't tell me your name," she said, "and I'm afraid I didn't catch it."

"Ernie," he answered, smiling gravely and paying no attention to Doris, who stood by, watching curiously. "Just call me Ernie. Wattson is the rest of it, if you insist. But why bother with last names?" he added jovially. "I feel that I have known you for a long time already." He turned to Doris.

"You were right, my dear; she's a perfectly gorgeous creature, though I'll confess I didn't believe you."

"Now you two just get acquainted. Flossie," she called, "are you ready? We'll have to run or we'll be late." She added apologetically: "Do you mind?"

No one seemed to, and, with a most sisterly kiss for Myrna's right cheek, Doris and Flossie departed.

Ernie turned toward Myrna, smilingly quizzically:

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CAMAY THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Little Myrna McSwarthy from Philadelphia."

"Oh, well," Myrna replied, dropping down into the nearest chair, feeling for some reason curiously weak at the knees. "I didn't know it would be you."

"No," he replied, sitting down across from her; "and I didn't know it would be you."

"Thanks for the helping hand, anyway. Those two were trying to frame me," she muttered, being for Myrna exceedingly ill at ease. She reached for a cigarette from the silver box on the table at her side. Ernie extended his case. "Thanks," she muttered again, carefully avoiding his gaze, which had not left her for a moment.

"Why did you leave?" Ernie asked suddenly, explosively.

"Oh," Myrna began airily, and then quickly changed the key. "You know why I left," she finished, furiously flicking ashes.

"AS a matter of fact, I don't," he said quietly, crossing his legs as though this promised to be an extended interview.

"That letter from your uncle in the West. You left it lying on the table," she interjected defensively. "You didn't tell me you'd lost all your money. What was I supposed to do—hang around till I was kicked out? Not little Myrna. Not while there are other men in the world." There she was, herself again.

"So you got out while the going was good. And while you were still to the good, I suppose."

"Well, do you blame me?"

"No, I don't know that I do." He paused as though considering his next words. "I've been looking around trying to locate you. You must've been in a devil of a hurry to get out. You left a lot of trinkets that might be valuable if you're ever in a tight place."

He held up his fingers as though counting off items on them, and continued solemnly: "You can always get your money out of diamonds, so you'll want those. Then there's a collection of bonds that are in your name, so you'd better take those. There's some cash too. That was in the tin box that I've told you always to keep locked. You left that open on the desk. Very careless of you."

Myrna, who had been watching him intently, flung up her head.

"Yes, of course. I forgot them." She faltered. "I was—a little upset. I hurried off."

"I imagined as much. Well," Ernie went on, "we might just as well go up to the apartment and get them now. It's as good a time as any."

Myrna was on her feet at that, a tall white-tipped flame in the red glow of the table lamp. "No! No-no-no. Keep them. I don't want them. Get out of here and leave me alone."

Then, as Ernie smiled faintly and moved not: "Do you hear me? Get out and leave me alone. I will *not* go up there with you. Do you hear? I don't want any of the damn' stuff. None of it!"

Ernie did not move. Very quietly, by contrast to the raging Myrna, he said, "Sit down."

And for some unaccountable reason Myrna sat down, or rather seemed to crumple into the chair.

"Now you listen to me," Ernie said, when she was there, sitting in a heap, avoiding his eyes. "You think you're running this show, but I am. Now I'll tell *you* a few things."

He paused to stamp out his cigarette in the tray on the arm of the chair.

"The thought of going back to our little love nest was too much for you, wasn't it?" Myrna started to say something. "No, don't interrupt me.

"You couldn't bear the thought of going back to the apartment. You might see some little evidences of the last year we've spent there together. For instance, the scratches on the wall where we marked our heights to see who was the taller. And a few little things like that. You might remember some of the days we spent there together, or some of the nights." Ernie paused and looked directly at Myrna, but her eyes were staring out the pattern of the rug.

"You might remember that night I was very drunk and put on a swell proposal act on bended knee, or the night I knocked Johnny Dorant down for no reason that he could understand.

"Or the night you had a crying jag and I held you in my arms and rocked you to sleep. You might remember, for instance, how you laughed at yourself the next morning for getting so sentimental."

HE would have gone on; but Myrna, or *was* this Myrna who wailed: "Stop! Oh, stop!" And who then added, "What's the use of going into all that?"

"Here's the use," Ernie answered, with the calmness of one man discussing a business proposition with another.

He looked at her curiously, but his words as he went on were faintly ironic:

"You're hard-boiled Myrna McSwarthy, out for the gravy. Charity, the girls call you, because they say you give nothing. I'll bet *they* don't know where you've been the past year. No, you're damned right they don't. Wait'll they hear you walked out without those little trinkets. You forgot! Forgot? Not a chance."

"You wouldn't tell them!" Was this Myrna Charity McSwarthy who was pleading, who had risen and come over to Ernie and was pleading—it is the only word—that he wouldn't give her away?

"Give you away? Hell, no. There won't be any occasion to. You can't tell tales on the wife." He seized her wrist and pulled her on to his lap. Myrna sat there, stiff and silent.

"I've had enough of this nonsense," he said severely. "Tomorrow you and I are going to get married. Now, don't shake your head. You can fool yourself if you want to, but you can't fool me. That old gag about your waiting for a man with plenty of dough won't work any more. I don't believe it.

"The fact of the matter is," he added hastily, when she attempted to interpose a word, "that you're not as hard-boiled as you'd like to pretend. You're a fake, Myrna. So we're getting married in the morning, and

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you can sing that to the tune of Danny Deever if you like."

"A fat chance." Myrna laughed a trifle uncertainly. "You don't have to go to all that trouble to get those bonds transferred into your own name. I'll give them to you. I'll—" And for some unaccountable reason Myrna was weeping and clinging to Ernie desperately, and he was patting her quietly and smiling to himself.

Through her tears came the words: "You men always figure when you run out of money or into some kind of hard luck that then is the time to get married. You seem to think that a wife'll pull you out of all your difficulties."

"That's not true, dear, and you know damn' well it's not. How much of the letter did you read?"

"Only the first page." Myrna was mumbling into his coat.

"Yeah. That's what I thought. When reading other people's letters always read them all the way through."

"Why?" She lifted a slightly smudged face from his shoulder with alarm.

"WELL, after Uncle Leo got done commiserating me on the hard luck I'd gotten into, he went on to say he supposed I'd be getting married very soon."

"See? What did I just get done saying?"

"Now wait a minute. Not so fast. He said that he supposed I'd be getting married now so's I could claim the money from my father's estate. He left it with the provision that I could only collect it after I was married."

Myrna leaped to her feet and went to stand by the table. Her hand restlessly toyed with the fringe of the table cover. Her shoulders were twitching as she exclaimed, her voice choked now and again by a dry sob:

"Why—why didn't you say so in the first place! Of course I'll—marry you. We'll—we'll make it a str-strictly financial trans-transaction."

Ernie came up behind her and, quietly putting his arms around her, kissed the lobe of her ear.

"Yep, that's right, honey. Strictly financial," Ernie said softly.

Myrna turned and buried her face in his shoulder with a sound that might have been a sigh or a sob.

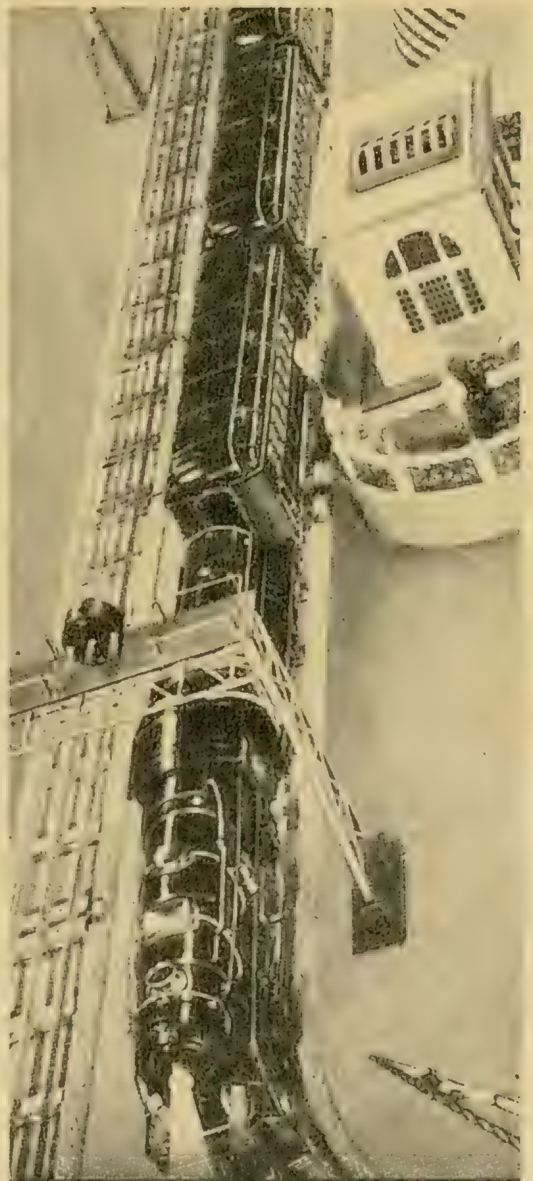
It was Doris, returning to the apartment some time later in the evening, who first saw the note on the desk.

"Well, I'm a— Read that," she demanded, handing the note to Flossie. Flossie read it:

> Thanks for the tip, dearie. Ernie and I are being married tomorrow. His father left him some money that he can't collect till he produces a wife. That's where little Myrna comes in. It's all strictly financial, of course. Shall I consider the hundred dollars as a wedding present from my old pals? With love,
>
> CHARITY.

THE END

TO FATHERS WHO WANT TO BE PROUD OF THEIR SONS



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DARING for Movie

How the author in the old days rescued one heroine in mid-air, thanks to a derrick.

By GEORGE LARKIN

Hair-Raising Memorie
the Days Whe

(Reading time: 12 minutes 20 seconds.)

EIGHTEEN hundred feet up the mountain side, at Griffith Park, California, the stage stopped at a lonely cabin hidden among the pines. I was the only passenger. Hastily alighting before the wheels had stopped turning, I rushed for the cabin to find Ruth—the stage driver had told me she had been seriously injured. I had clambered halfway up the steep bank when something apparently struck me a stunning blow on the head.

When I again opened my eyes I was lying on my back on top of the stagecoach, with the driver bending over me and fumbling with a pair of handcuffs. Fastening one of the manacles on my right wrist, he hurriedly passed the chain around the heavy baggage rail and snapped the other on to my left wrist. Then he leaped off the coach, threw the reins to the ground, and with a crack of his long whip sent the driverless horses dashing madly down the steep mountain grade with the stagecoach careening dangerously on the very edge of the precipice —with me a helpless prisoner chained to the baggage rail on top.

At the lower side of the road I could look down a sheer drop of several hundred feet into the cañon below. Above rose a perpendicular wall of rock. On the steep mountain grade between these the driverless stage, without the control of the brake, gained such terrific speed that it crowded on to the heels of the madly galloping horses, which dashed around the dangerous turns with the stage swinging like the tail of a kite behind.

At one of the sharp turns the two rear horses fell and slid to the very edge of the precipice, but the momentum of the others pulled the wheelers to their feet again, and the race of death down the mountain side continued.

On top of the crazily swaying coach, which actually swung out into space over the edge of the precipice in places, I struggled madly to release myself from the handcuffs. They proved both a curse and a blessing—for while they held me securely to the top of the careening coach, thus preventing me from jumping, they were also the only thing that kept me from being tossed into the cañon below. I thought of the brake, but was unable to reach it.

Then, as the horses raced madly around a sharp turn, the stage crashed into the wall of rock at the upper side of the road with such force that it was almost splintered. The impact threw me off, but my body still held securely to the baggage rail, dangled over the side of the stage. For a moment I thought my wrists had been snapped, while the terrific jerk almost pulled my arms out of their sockets.

In some way I managed to crawl back to the top of the coach. Down the road four cowboys suddenly appeared. When they tried to stop the horses they were brushed aside like flies. Then, as through a haze, I saw we were approaching the sharpest and most dangerous turn of all, known as Dead Man's Curve. And I knew that the crazily swaying stagecoach would never get around it. Bracing my feet against one of the baggage-rail supports, I exerted every ounce of strength I could muster—and succeeded in tearing off one end of the baggage rail.

Just as it came loose the stage swung to the sharp curve, careening crazily on the two outside wheels for a moment and then turning over on its side as it swung through the air toward the edge of the precipice. Slipping the chain of the manacles through the opening of the broken baggage rail I clambered to the upper side of the coach as it turned over, and then leaped far out toward the inner side of the road, where I lay bruised and bleeding.

When I could manage to sit up I saw the stagecoach, hanging half over the edge of the cliff and held there by a projecting rock, which alone had kept it from going over after the horses into the cañon.

The four cowboys came galloping and lifted me to my feet. I couldn't stand—both ankles having been badly sprained when I landed. Then Bud Osborne appeared, and cameramen materialized from nowhere.

All of them were in nearly as bad a state from fright as I, for in filming the Pathé serial thriller, Hands Up, fiction had suddenly been converted into fact. The scenario writer had come mighty close to overestimating my capacity for cheating death. And I can't hand much to the heavy who played the villainous stage driver and *actually handcuffed* me to the baggage rail.

Inside the stagecoach Bud Osborne, an expert stage driver, had been hidden with an extra set of reins to control the madly dashing horses in case of need, this extra set of reins being hidden from the cameras. But by the time the stage had passed the line of cameras the frightened horses were actually running wild and could

DEATH Thrills

As told to
EDGAR FOREST WOLFE

f Narrow Escapes in
ictures Were Young

not be stopped as planned. Inside the coach I could hear Bud Osborne yelling frantically:

"For God's sake jump, George! I can't hold 'em!"

Then Bud had jumped—and I, being handcuffed to that baggage rail on top, had been forced to continue the perilous ride precisely as described.

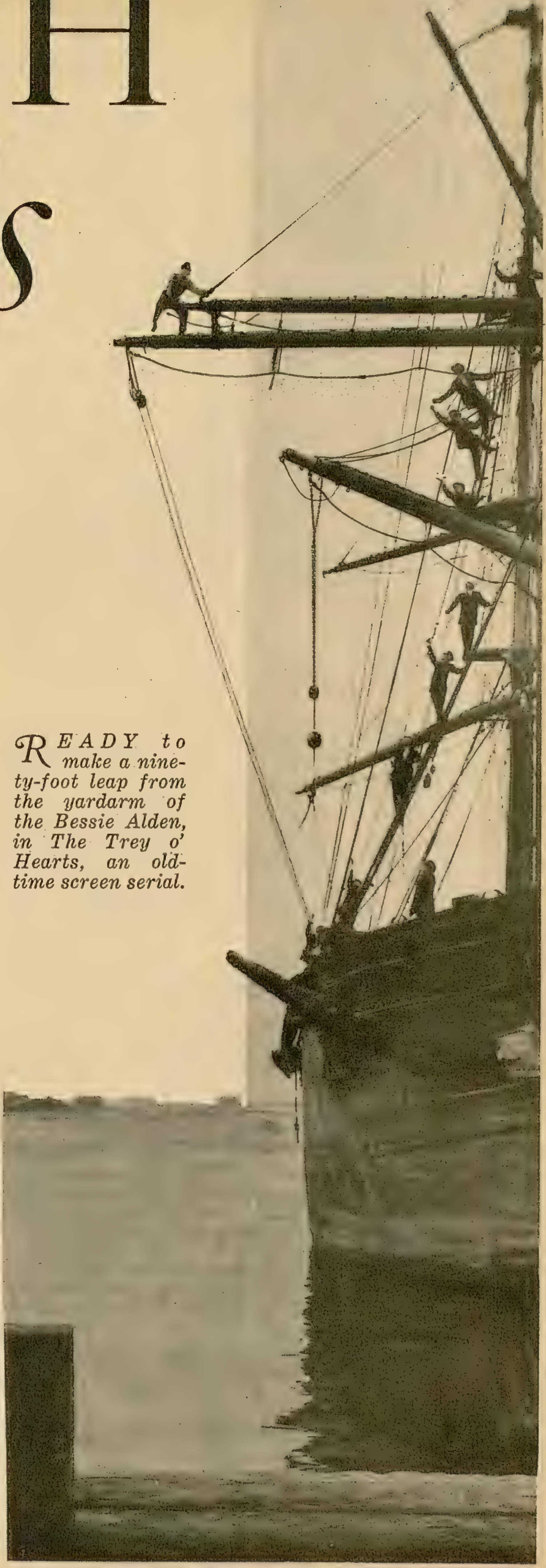
Another thrill writer who shaved my capacity for cheating death too close for comfort was the one who wrote the script for The Terror of the Range, a serial in which I was co-starred with Betty Compson. In one episode I was to effect a daring rescue of Miss Compson and escape with her down a high and treacherous mountain flume in a flume boat. The villains were to undermine the flume where it ran a hundred feet above the cãnon below, so that we should be dashed to death; but I was to see the danger in time and leap out of the boat to a narrow platform at the side of the flume, grasp a huge lever used to shut off the flow of water in the flume, and stop the boat on the very threshold of death.

WE shot this scene at a lumber camp in Hume, California. I rescued Miss Compson from the villains; then we raced to the flume and jumped into the flume boat, which shot down the mountain side at the rate of a mile a minute. Cameramen were grinding away at vantage points along the course of the flume.

I had been ignorant of the terrific speed a flume boat can attain as it is swept down a mountain side by the torrent of water behind it. Otherwise I might have balked at this test. For, once we started, it became a *real* matter of life and death in which I had to make a success of the first attempt to leap to the narrow platform, else both Miss Compson and I would be actually dashed to death on the rocks below.

As we swept by the platform I made my jump, but my feet could hardly keep up with my body as it was hurled off the end of the platform into space by the terrific momentum. Leaping for the handle of the huge lever as I went, I managed to grip it and hold on. My body swung far out over the cañon and then swung back and there I dangled in mid-air.

Then slowly, aching in every muscle, I crawled back on to the platform. But the water in the flume had been shut off by the impact of my body against the lever, and the heroine—and I, for that matter—had been saved. When I returned to Hollywood I had to be operated on to remove blood clots that had formed in my thigh as the



READY to make a ninety-foot leap from the yardarm of the Bessie Alden, in The Trey o' Hearts, an old-time screen serial.

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result of a ruptured artery. This serial, by the way, was Betty Compson's first dramatic vehicle after she left Mack Sennett comedies.

In one of the episodes of The Tiger Trail, a Pathé serial thriller in which I was co-starred with Ruth Roland, there was a scene in which I, in a roadster, was to crash through a closed railroad-crossing gate and over the tracks just a hair's breadth in front of the engine.

THE first time this scene was shot I beat the train to the crossing by too wide a margin to suit the director, so he ordered a retake. I was using an old secondhand car out of which it was difficult to coax any speed, and the carburetor missed several times as I was going down the road to get into position. As I approached the crossing it began to miss again. The director kept waving his arms for me to speed up, but the engineer in his cab thought the signals were meant for him and he threw his throttle wide open.

As I crashed through the gate I saw that I would not be able to clear the track before the train was upon me, so I turned the car slightly up the track away from the onrushing train. The engine just grazed the rear of my roadster, turning it completely around on the other track; but I managed to get it back into the road again and continue my thrilling ride so the scene would not be ruined, as I wanted no more retakes of this one.

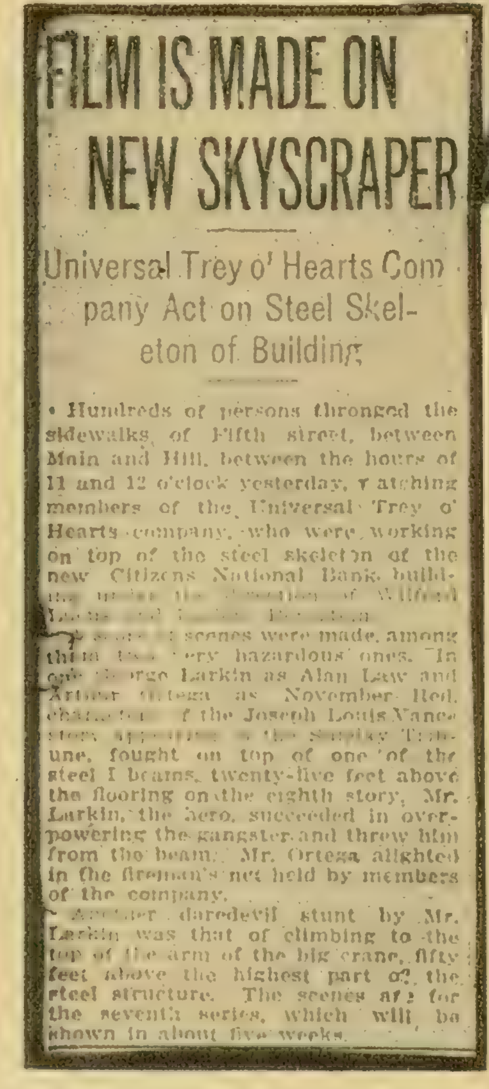
Probably many who saw The Tiger Trail thought that narrow escape was some trick of the film studios, but it wasn't. If you don't believe me, ask Ruth Roland—she was there at the time, with her hands covering her eyes so she wouldn't see the smash-up.

As testimony to the genuineness of the feats pictured on the screen in those early days, note the following from a Los Angeles newspaper:

> George Larkin, playing the part of Alan Law, the hero in The Trey o' Hearts serial picture now being produced by Wilfred Lucas, passed three most strenuous days—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—on each of these days enacting a live-or-die stunt for the picture. On Friday Mr. Larkin rescued the heroine by swinging from the roof of a building by a rope to the window ledge of a burning building across the street. Saturday Mr. Larkin was chased up the mast of the Bessie Alden, lying in San Pedro harbor, to the top yardarm and from there—fully ninety feet above the water—dived into the ocean. Sunday the succeeding scene was taken and Mr. Larkin went through a hazardous rescue from the ocean when a hydroplane swooped down and Larkin . . . grasped the wing of the plane as it swept past him and was carried away dangling in mid-air.

George Larkin as he looked when he played daredevils and really dared death.

The clipping below, from the Los Angeles Times, tells of some of Larkin's exploits.



FILM IS MADE ON NEW SKYSCRAPER

Universal Trey o' Hearts Company Act on Steel Skeleton of Building

Hundreds of persons thronged the sidewalks of Fifth street, between Main and Hill, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock yesterday, watching members of the Universal Trey o' Hearts company, who were working on top of the steel skeleton of the new Citizens National Bank building [illegible] Wilfred [illegible]

[illegible] scenes were made, among them [illegible] very hazardous ones. In one George Larkin as Alan Law and Arthur [illegible] as November Red, [illegible] of the Joseph Louis Vance story [illegible] Tribune, fought on top of one of the steel I beams, twenty-five feet above the flooring on the eighth story. Mr. Larkin, the hero, succeeded in overpowering the gangster and threw him from the beam. Mr. Ortega alighted in the fireman's net held by members of the company.

[illegible] daredevil stunt by Mr. Larkin was that of climbing to the top of the arm of the big crane, fifty feet above the highest part of the steel structure. The scenes are for the seventh series, which will be shown in about five weeks.

IN making that ninety-foot leap into the ocean I was temporarily paralyzed from the waist down when I struck the water in a sitting position, due to my having had to double up in mid-air to avoid hitting a rope. That was why the succeeding scene had to be postponed until the following day.

Having grown up with the circus and gained a wide reputation as a tumbler and acrobat who could take spectacular falls, I started with the old Edison Company as a leading man and hero, and remained with them two years. After that I played leads for Pathé serials for two years, then went with the old Eclair Company. Next Universal took me to their Hollywood studio to play in The Trey o' Hearts opposite Cleo Madison.

It was in 1917 that the Kalem Company selected me from about fifty others to be featured in Grant, Police Reporter, serial to be made in Florida. In one of the episodes I had a narrow escape as a result of a miscalculation.

As Grant I was to see, from the roof of another building fifty feet away, a fire break out in a gambling joint at the top of a six-story building. Olive Kirby—who is now my wife

—played the rôle of the gambler's daughter, and as she rushed to the sixth-floor window to scream for help I was to start climbing hand over hand along the telegraph wires to the roof of the burning building.

The thrill was to be that when I was halfway to my goal and six stories above the street the wires were to break. The motion-picture audience would gasp to see me drop into space while hanging to them. A rigger named Olsen had carefully measured and marked a point on the wires just the right distance from a window in the building opposite, so that when the wires apparently snapped as I reached this point, I would, by holding firmly to them, be swung downward and through the window. When I had reached this point Olsen was to clip the wires so that it would appear that they had broken.

When this scene was shot a huge crowd had collected in the street. Miss Kirby came to a window, screaming for help, then swooned on the window ledge, where she hung in plain view. I climbed over the edge of the roof opposite, and started hand over hand across the street.

When I had reached the point he had marked, Olsen called to me to get set. The next instant, to my horror, I realized that instead of being swung through the window I would crash into the brick wall below it.

I TRIED to raise my legs and throw my body upward through the window, but I was too low to do that. I crashed into the brick wall with a stunning thud, momentarily lost my grip on the wires, then grasped them again as my body started falling, thus managing to check the speed of my fall slightly. I landed in a heap, badly bruised, on the roof of a shed. Olsen had neglected to make allowance for the weight of my body stretching the wires.

In another episode of Grant, Police Reporter, I was to catch a couple of kidnapers on an ocean liner by hanging at the end of a rope suspended from the bottom of a seaplane, grasping the liner's mast, and sliding to the deck below.

We received the permission of the Navy Department in Washington to use any of their planes at the Pensacola Naval Station; but when we arrived there Commander Mustin said the slowest plane they had could only throttle down to sixty miles an hour, and he didn't propose to have any more killings at his station.

We eventually compromised on a scene in which I was to jump from a plane to the rope ladder of a steamship, and for this we used the Austrian steamship Trieste, which was interned at the time a few miles out at sea. The director and cameramen followed my plane in another.

In making my leap I had to time the roll of the ship accurately, for if I jumped as the ship rolled away from me I would miss the ropes.

WHEN about fifteen feet from the ship, I sprang from the nose of the plane and just managed to grip a rung of the rope ladder with one hand. It required my utmost strength to retain my hold—but this only added to the thrill of the scene.

In still another episode of this Kalem thriller I pursued the villains with the heroine, played by Olive Kirby, as their captive. They used a narrow plank as an improvised footbridge to cross a twenty-foot gap from the roof of one building to another, a pipe which ran between the buildings serving them as a handrail. After they crossed this gap they pulled the plank over after them, thus apparently halting me in my chase. I swung down from the housetop and grasped this small iron pipe, crossing the twenty-foot gap hand over hand, with my body dangling eight stories above the court below.

When I got to the center of this twenty-foot gap the wires which held the pipe in place on one of the roof tops became loosened from the strain of my weight, and when I felt that pipe sag I was sure my career as a movie hero was about to end. I tried to speed up, but the pipe, as it became loosened, would turn in my hand. I had just reached the roof opposite and grasped the coping when the pipe broke loose and crashed to the court.

No, there was no trick about the making of those thrillers—none except the trick of cheating death. And sometimes we shaved that too close for comfort.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Payment Deferred

"GRANDPA," said Freddie, "when did you become a grandpa?"

"When you were born."

"If I hadn't been born you'd never have been a grandpa?"

"I don't suppose so."

"Then what are you going to give me for it?" asked Freddie.—Jim Nash, 1012 Twelfth Avenue, W., Calgary, Alta., Canada.

Did She Dare?

MOTHER had criticized the dog rather severely. John jumped from his seat at the table, and ran out calling, "Here, Carlo."

He returned in a minute, bringing the dog close to his mother's chair. "Now," he said tearfully, "just say those things to his face!"—Mrs. Charles D. Cameron, 64 Grove Avenue, Highland Park, Mich.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—Goldsmith.
2—Alexander Pope, in Essay on Man.
3—Clement C. Moore.
4—A land supposed by some to have existed formerly in the Indian Ocean and to be now represented only by Madagascar and a few adjacent islands.
5—A defamatory falsehood published for political effect.
6—The anabas, habitat Asia and Africa, is said to be able to live for long periods on moist land.
7—A period of a thousand years.
8—It was formerly a small (petty) undercoat worn by men. Later it was applied to skirts worn by women and girls, and finally was used in its present sense—an underskirt.
9—A city in France near Paris, noted for its porcelain.
10—New Holland; changed in 1817 to Australia, meaning Southland, from the Latin *australis*.
11—Porcelain, paper, and gunpowder.
12—In the Sixteenth Congress when a member, despite vigorous objections, insisted on making "a speech for Buncombe" (a North Carolina county in his district).
13—A certain kind of lizard.
14—Six.
15—Belgium and Germany; France, Jugoslavia, and the Netherlands.
16—A nation powerful from 600 to 950 A. D. north of the Black Sea.
17—An element, of metallic appearance and crystalline structure.
18—Opposition of one law or rule to another law or rule.
19—A pound of lead would contain 16 ounces; a pound of quinine, 12 ounces.
20—Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.

Answer to Adex question on page 27—*Some people are particularly susceptible to common winter ills because they lack good resistance.*

Now in a pleasant tasting tablet—the famous virtues of cod-liver oil!

Perhaps like many people, you have put off taking cod-liver oil because you objected to the taste.

This winter you can avail yourself of its unusual benefits with a new vitamin concentrate—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex provide the important factor which helps to build good general resistance —Vitamin A. They also supply sunshine Vitamin D which tones the system.

Each tablet contains as much Vitamins A and D as *one-half teaspoonful* of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10 D.

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SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Just LIKE A WOMAN

(*Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.*)

A Short Short Story

By

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

MYRA said, "There aren't any little things, Sam. A cinder in your eye is as big as a mountain. And what you men call a woman's piddling over nothing is really half the works."

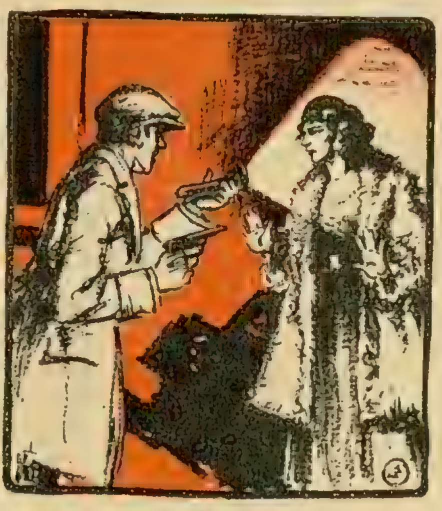
"You think that, hon," Sam said, "because you're a natural-born fuss-budget." And he laughed. Myra was Sam Selby's wife. You couldn't upset Myra, nor could you shake her out of her ways. Heaven knows Sam tried. He told her once—that was the year he made his pile:

"You've got a cockeye for details, hon—must be like living with a swarm of gnats biting you. Turn those picayune jobs you do over to other people. I can pay for it."

It was after this they gave up their house and moved to the Imperial Hotel: Sam's idea of freeing her. But Myra didn't want to be freed. She kept right on puttering.

She was a great bargain hunter, too. Adored pawnshops. On a certain cloudy December afternoon she discovered a new one, and lingered on there so long, in a delightful dicker over an emerald bracelet, that when she walked out with it in its little case darkness had fallen.

She managed to find a taxi and settled back.



Joltingly the taxi stopped. A nut was missing, the driver told her, but it would only take a "jiff" to get a new one. After a few minutes the door of the taxi swung open and a revolver was thrust into her face.

"Keep your trap shut, lady," a raw but muffled voice directed, "and get out."

She got out; was gripped by her elbow and propelled into a black and narrow recess between two buildings. The thief dropped her arm, then produced a spotlight and looked her over.

What he saw was a mink coat—good skins—open at the throat, a diamond pin, and a string of worth-while pearls with a naïvely amazed face above them.

The bandit held the spotlight low and tilted upward. She merely got a view of his vest, from which his dark coat hung away—he wore no overcoat.

Without a word the man took her bag and the box from the pawnshop. Then he said:

"Take them pearls off."

She pulled her gloves off, slipping them into her coat pocket, and removed the pearls. He pocketed them.

"Diamond pin," he said.

She gave it to him.

"Now I'll take the coat."

"My dress is awfully thin," she told him.

"Yes, but it's swell!"

This was uttered in a female voice. A girl had quietly joined the man.

"Take this," he said, and threw the coat over her arm.

"I gotta have that dress," the girl announced.

Deft as a lady's maid, the man removed the dress, leaving Myra appalled and shuddering in a satin slip.

The next second she was alone. For a time she simply stood. Then she called, "Help!"

Magically a dapper young man appeared, walking briskly.

"Oh, madam!" he cried as she stepped from the recess. "I say! What an outrage! You've been robbed."

His tone was cultured, his manner exquisite. He took off his overcoat. Solicitously he put it on her. This left him in a tightly buttoned dark suit.

"We'll have to find a taxi," he said.

"Looks like the one I had is gone," Myra remarked. Then: "What we've got to do straight off is to get hold of a policeman."

"Oh, no, madam, I beg of you. You don't know this neighborhood. The police and the thugs are hand in glove, believe me. Go straight to your husband. Consult him. I will accompany you if you will allow me. You are married?"

"Yes," she said.

"Taxi!" he called.

A taxi appeared.

WHEN they reached the Imperial, he said with a certain formality: "I will go with you to the door of your suite. You can give me my coat there."

He told the driver to wait.

In the hotel lobby, Myra caught sight of Sam and a group of Sam's pals.

"All you men come here!" she called. "I've got a gentleman you want to meet."

They moved in an astonished body, surrounding her and her escort.

"I've been robbed," her calm voice stated, "and this fellow here did it."

"You're a liar! The woman's a liar. You can search me and prove it."

"Searching won't prove anything," Myra told them. "He had an accomplice. He naturally gave everything to her. Somehow she brought him an overcoat. He's smart. He snapped into another rôle and dragged me off to give her plenty of time for a get-away. And maybe he was mixing thieving with gallantry. Anyhow, he's *too* smart. I know him by his vest."

"Liar, you never saw my vest!" The words spurted from the man's mouth.

"No. You kept your coat fastened up, didn't you? That's the point. The fellow that robbed me had the third vest button missing. A button with a rough ridge like the ones on your serge suit, Sam. If his third button's gone he's *it.*"

They tore his coat open. The third buttonhole of his vest gaped empty.

She held up a small disk. It was the missing button.

"My hands got cold," she said. "I put them in his overcoat pocket. I felt this button and got thinking." Then, the first touch of hysteria shaking her voice:

"You'd call it a little thing, Sam Selby, but here's somebody can't laugh it off."

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE granddaughter of the man who invented the telegraph has invented a prohibition game played with miniature whisky bottles.

"Did you know," she said to me, "that my grandfather's first telegraph line used the necks of whisky bottles for insulators?"

Her grandfather was Samuel F. B. Morse. The lady herself is Leila Livingston Morse. What a thrill I had on the one-hundredth anniversary of her grandfather's invention when, standing beside Miss Morse in a New York broadcasting station, I saw a telegram sent round the world to her—25,000 miles—coming back to her in just four minutes and a half! The message, a duplicate of the first one her grandfather ever sent, was this: "What hath God wrought."

Leila Livingston Morse

With us was Grandfather Morse's only surviving son, W. G. Morse of California, who has lived the life of a sportsman and cowpuncher, is now over eighty, and is known in the Far West as "Rattlesnake Bill." I don't know why.

He and Leila Morse told me interesting things about the inventor. Samuel F. B. was artistic—a portrait painter by profession; was extremely religious, and most phenomenally even-tempered for a man of genius.

"The only time I ever saw father angry," said Rattlesnake Bill, "was when I called him 'governor.' He couldn't stand nicknames."

Leila Morse invents things in her sleep. She wakes up with the ideas completely formed.

A LADY I know has just given herself a new pair of elbows. The ones she discarded were rough, pointed, ugly. Her new ones are smooth and gracefully rounded. "How did you get them?" I asked.

"Simple enough," said she. "I practiced bending my arms in front of a mirror. Even an ugly bone structure like mine can be made to *look* less ugly by gesturing gracefully. I flex my arms now instead of using them in sharp angular movements."

The new smoothness came from rubbing her arms with hot oil at night, then patting and pinching the flesh.

A very old method of whitening is to rub them two or three times a day with a slice of ripe tomato. Wash with *soft* water and finish with cold cream.

The modern Viennese treatment calls for raw beefsteak poultices!

Arm beautification seems to be a matter of groceries.

"MARRY?" says he. "Why should I? Wives and trouble go together, and wife trouble is too much trouble for me."

So this gentleman is still a bachelor. In his way he is quite a celebrity, makes plenty of money, has plenty of friends. To all outward appearances his antimarriage theory has worked out well. I thought so until recently, when I heard what has been happening to him during the last few months.

First came a lady who would not believe that bachelors are entitled to be fancy free. She brought her lawyer with her. Breach of promise, of course. The bachelor sighed the check. Then came a brief period of comparative tranquillity—unless you count the girl who threatened to shoot him, and the woman who vowed she would jump out of the window if he left her.

"Never mind, it isn't wife trouble," the bachelor told himself.

There followed a purely business trip with a sedate and elderly woman secretary whom he dismissed after a while because he did not need her services. She sued him for breach of contract, etc., etc. She was a woman, he a man. He had to settle, and it cost him a number of thousands.

All in all, his friends have calculated that keeping out of wife trouble has cost this bachelor $20,000 during the past twelve months.

(Notice to bachelors: You can have a lot of wife trouble for $20,000.)

A GOOD English dinner ends with a savory; it comes after a sweet dish. The men love it. A savory is a highly spiced titbit served in very small helpings—about a bite and a half. I suggest serving larger portions and introducing the savory as an entrée, or instead of a dessert, following a light main dish. The most popular savories are such concoctions as deviled chicken livers, ham *croûtes*, toasted cheese dishes, and fancy snacks made of salt fish.

Baked herring roes, for example, are one of the economical favorites.

Wash and dry 8 soft roes. In a little butter sauté lightly 1 small onion, 4 small mushrooms, and a sprig or two of parsley, all finely chopped. Drain off the butter and save it. To the sautéed mushrooms and onions add 3 tablespoons any thick brown sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon anchovy paste.

Toss the roes till slightly brown in the butter you have saved, then put them (one each) into small china ramekins with the mushroom sauce, sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with butter, and bake 5 minutes in a hot oven.

SMOOTH shoulder lines, the sleeve puffed at the elbow, very fine plaiting hung from a plain yoke—these are the latest Paris fashion tips for our day dresses. With them go plain woolen coats devoid of fur but trimmed with tufted woolen embroidery on the sleeves.

READ Biography and the Human Heart, by Gamaliel Bradford. Unusual and fascinating. (Houghton Mifflin.)

CAREFUL!
IT'S A LONG TIME TILL SPRING!

THE NEW G.P.A. ANTI-FREEZE

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PUT G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine in your radiator NOW. Then you can forget about your anti-freeze until time to drain it out next spring.

For G. P. A. will stay right on the job. It now leaks less than water. And, of course, G. P. A. won't evaporate or fade away—not even on the warmest days. One filling lasts all winter.

G. P. A. can't injure your cooling system. In fact, the new G. P. A. *protects* the cooling system—actually stops rusting and corrosion.

You get all this—PLUS freedom from unpleasant odors . . . PLUS complete safety (non-poisonous, non-inflammable) . . . PLUS all the other advantages listed below . . . All for an amazingly low cost, much lower than last year.

G. P. A. is economical, because one filling lasts all winter . . . doubly so because of its reduced cost.

FILL NOW WITH G. P. A.

14 ADVANTAGES OF G.P.A.

1. Gives anti-freeze protection to 30° below zero.
2. Will not evaporate—not even on the warmest days. One filling lasts all winter.
3. Leaks less than water.
4. Protects all metals of cooling system against rust, corrosion. This protection continues after G. P. A. is drained out.
5. Retards disintegration of rubber hose.
6. Positively will not clog or gum radiator.
7. Mixes quickly and permanently with water.
8. Never overheats motor.
9. Does not injure Duco or other finishes.
10. No unpleasant or dangerous fumes.
11. Safe—non-poisonous, non-inflammable.
12. Permits more efficient operating temperatures.
13. Made to G. P. A. *quality*-standards.
14. Lower in price. Doubly economical.

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RADIATOR GLYCERINE

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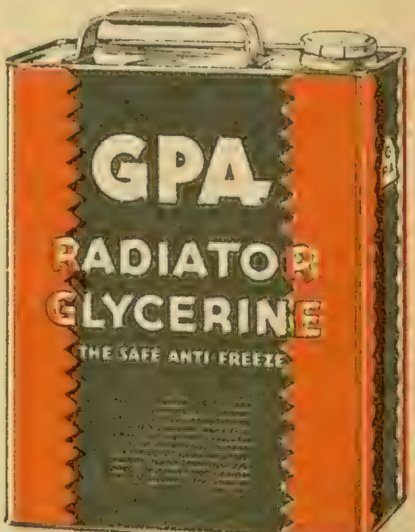


Three MEN at Once

Beulah Takes a Chance—A Little Plan Involving Mr. Grendel—Love in the Shadow of Jail—The Man She Didn't Expect to Meet

By

ELMER DAVIS

(Reading time: 24 minutes 35 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Beulah Malotte's week-end plunge into adventure. Beulah was a teacher in Branchville; Vic Loring a high-school principal. When Vic proposed to her, Beulah begged the question, and started on a cruise to Halifax, Vic seeing her boat off. Beulah's bank in Branchville had failed, and whom should she meet on board but George Grendel, the "vanished" bank president! But she couldn't give him away after he had seen her being kissed by Hal Latimer. While the steamer waited, befogged, off Halifax, Beulah played bridge with Hal's crowd—and Vic paced the Halifax pier.

PART FOUR—STRANGE COMPLICATIONS

HAL LATIMER jotted down the score, began to deal the cards. "Well, Beulah, we've got a game!" he said cheerfully. "Something new, for us. So now we're vulnerable."

Does he think he has to tell me that? she wondered acridly. But all he knew about her bridge, after hours of play, was that she had the elementary intelligence to pass when she had nothing. It was four in the afternoon—the last rubber. They'd been playing for hours, and Beulah had never held such dreadful hands in her life. Latimer had had some good ones: but when he got the bid, he found himself let down by a hopeless dummy; when he doubled, the opponents made their bid triumphantly because Beulah held nothing. Yet he'd insisted on keeping her as his partner all day long; and she knew why.

He never criticized, never complained, but she knew he must wish he'd never asked her to play; knew the other women were sorry for him—politely, silently, with a touch of amusement.

Nobody was sorry for her, but she needed it. She was more than eight thousand points in the hole—at a cent a point. If she lost this last rubber she couldn't even tip the stewards when the voyage was done. Even if she won a normal rubber—a few hundred points—she'd have to go back to Branchville in a day coach, and couldn't eat till she got there. The deal was finished; Madge Galt picked up her hand.

"Yes, Hal—you're vulnerable and we're not. What did you say? A diamond? I bid four hearts," Madge announced.

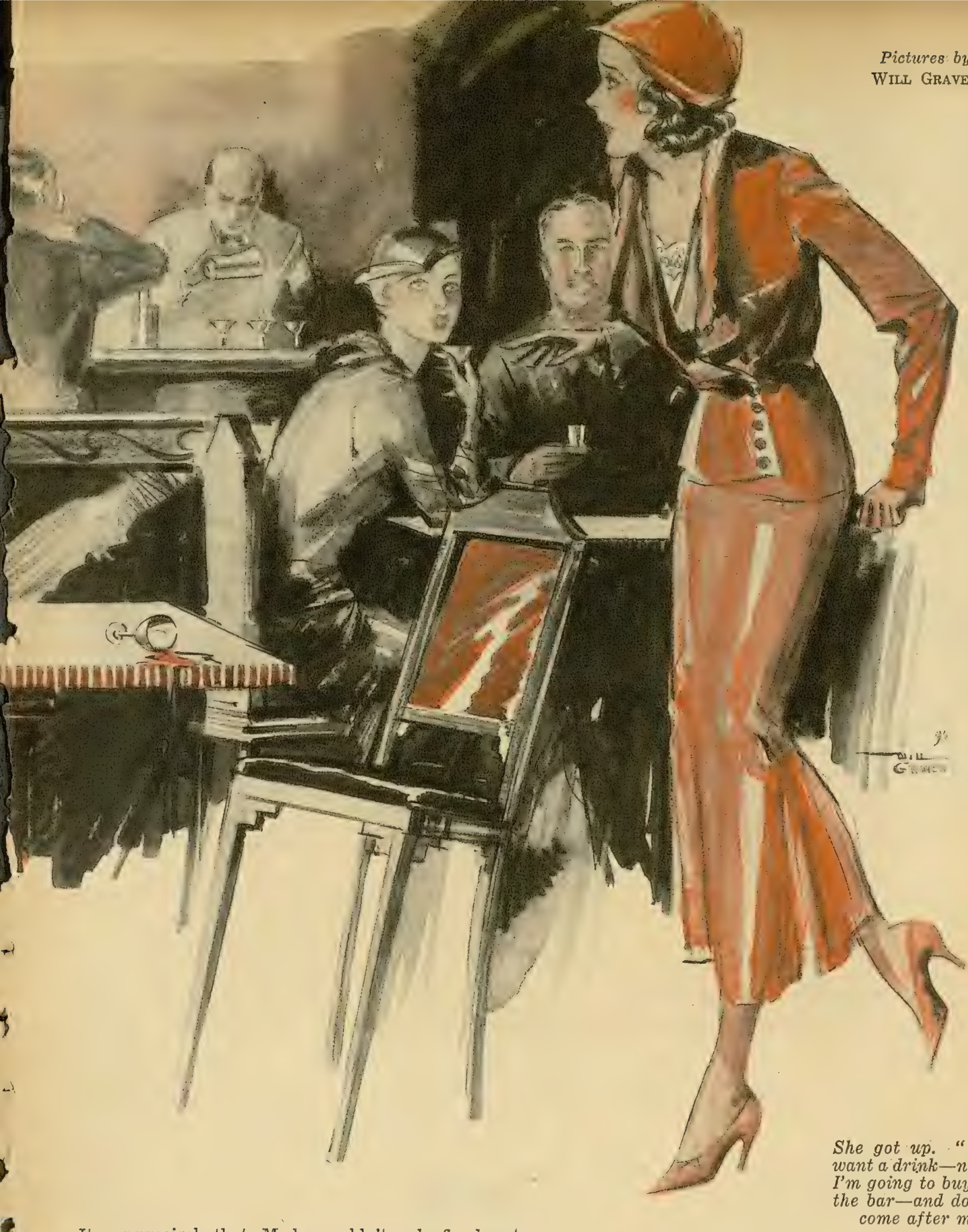
"There they go again," he sighed. "How about it?"

Her impassive gray eyes contemplated the best hand she'd held all day—but there wasn't much she could do with it against Madge's preëmptive bid. Seven clubs to the ace king queen, the ace and two small hearts; no spades, and three losing diamonds. She could probably set Madge, but at no great profit; Madge wasn't vulnerable. Risky, for a five-club bid—

"Pass," she said uncertainly. Mrs. Stearns passed, too.

"Four spades!" said Latimer defiantly. So he'd bid his second-best suit first—a habit he had. And when Madge countered with five hearts—"Oh, damn you!" he growled. "That's pure sabotage!"

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



She got up. "I don't want a drink—not here. I'm going to buy one in the bar—and don't you come after me!"

It was precisely that; Madge couldn't make five hearts. Beulah pondered—and Sara Stearns passed out of turn. In all innocence: she supposed Beulah must have passed because that was all Beulah had been doing. Beulah started to protest, but Hal took her chance away.

"Five spades!" he barked; and Madge came back with six hearts.

"Wait a minute—" said Beulah.

"Heavens!" Madge gasped. "She's going to bid!"

Again Beulah pondered. She couldn't make much by setting Madge. More profit in going to six spades, if she could make it; but she suspected Hal of overbidding.

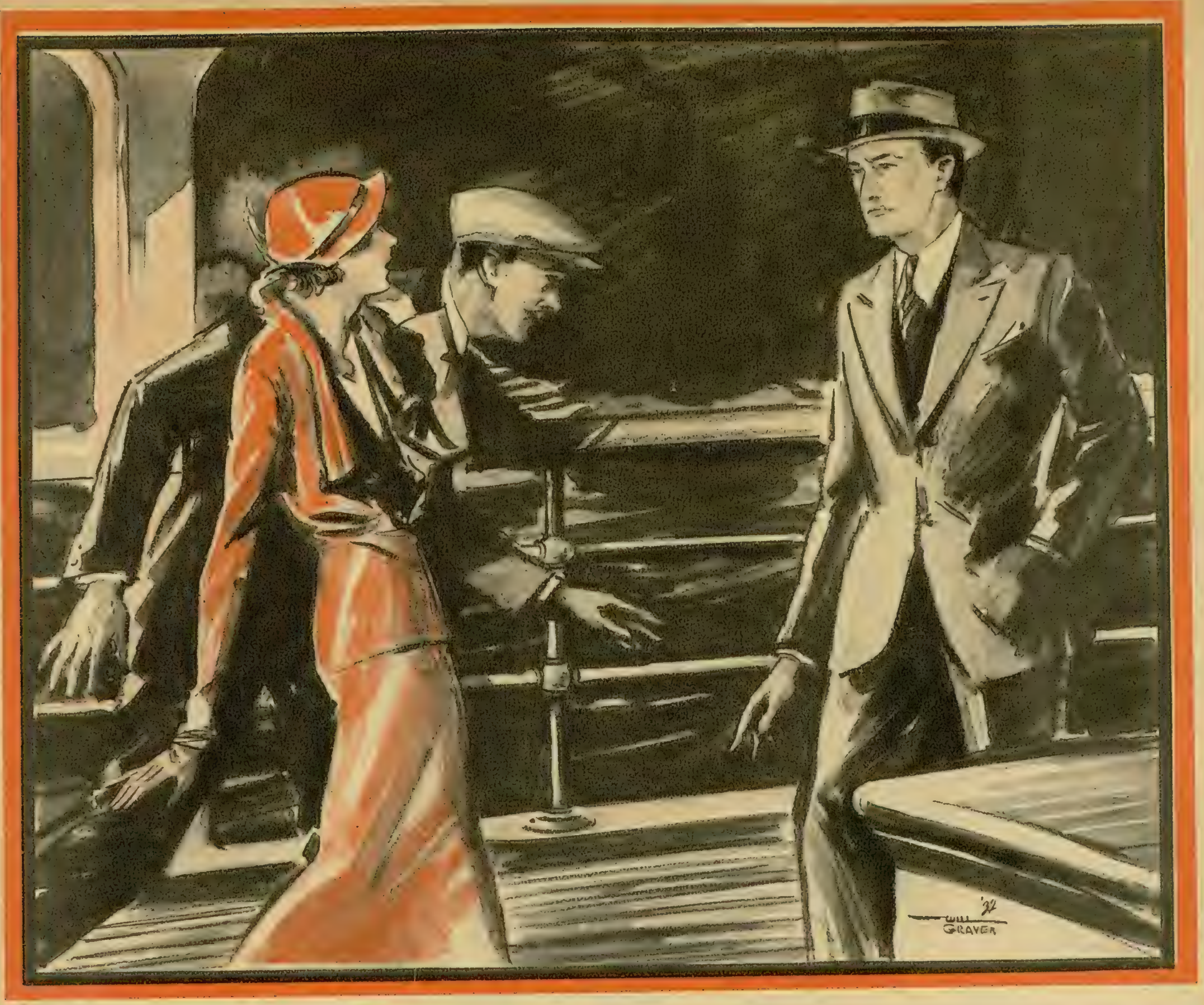
"Seven clubs," she said.

"What?" they gasped in unison. Mrs. Stearns passed. Hal frowned at his cards, shrugged, and passed too. Madge doubled, confident.

"Redouble," said Beulah coolly.

If she lost one trick it would cost her four dollars; two tricks would cost her twelve—and she didn't have it. Hal laid down his hand—eight spades to the king queen jack ten, five diamonds to the ace king jack; no hearts, no club trumps—and no ace of spades! She'd counted on discarding hearts and diamonds on his spades.

Beulah took the first trick with the ace of hearts. Now to catch six trumps in three leads; a mathematics teacher knew the enormous odds against their being evenly



"Vic Loring!" she exploded. "What on earth are you doing here?"

divided. She led the ace; both followed. The king; both followed.

The queen. Sara Stearns dropped her eight-spot, and, while Beulah's heart stood still, Madge gave up her cherished jack with a venomous smile.

Now Beulah led a diamond; if Madge held the king, she was lost—but the jack finesse won. Now a low spade from dummy. Madge had doubled, but Beulah couldn't be sure she had the ace; she had to trump that spade, go back to dummy with another diamond. She could do that only once more; if the spade ace didn't drop now— But it did, and the rest was easy.

"Grand slam redoubled!" Hal chuckled, adding up the score. "Five sixty for tricks, fifteen hundred for the slam, two hundred for the redoubled contract, seven hundred for the rubber—nearly three thousand points on that one hand! Leaving us only fifty-one twenty in the hole," he added wryly.

Beulah took out her purse. "Which do I pay? You, Mrs. Galt? Here you are—fifty-one twenty."

"Thank you," said Madge. "Let's all go and get some air."

"I want a drink," said Hal, beckoning to a steward. "And I certainly owe my partner one." The other women left them; he sat staring at Beulah. "You played it perfectly, of course," he said. "But when we were vulnerable, and you counted on me for the spade ace—my God, what a chance you took!"

"I had to," she said. "I needed every point. I owed eighty dollars before that hand; and I've only got ninety."

"But Madge would have taken a check."

"I couldn't have given her one; my bank has failed. If I'd lost that rubber I'd have had to pay for it in—stockings, I guess."

He stared. "You took that chance when you had only ninety dollars on earth?"

"I had to, Hal. I couldn't afford to double her for ten dollars."

"We'll crack a bottle of champagne on that, Beulah." But when he had ordered it he still sat and looked at her.

"YOU only had ninety dollars," he said. "And you've only got thirty-eight something now. That won't do, of course. I'll pay your losses."

"You will not!" she told him fiercely.

"But I got you into the game. If you can't afford—"

"Would you offer to pay a loss for either of the others?"

"We-ell—" he began.

"Exactly. And you can't pay it for me."

"But it's not quite the same. I don't understand your ethics, but—"

"But you know I came alone on a week-end cruise," she burst in furiously, "hoping that a man would pick me up. Yes, I did. I didn't put it that way to myself, but that's what it came to—and you naturally suppose I'm equally irregular about everything."

"But, my dear girl—" he began, bewildered.

"I'm not your dear girl. I'm not anybody's dear girl, thank God! I'm just a damned little fool from Branchville."

She got up. "I

(Continued on page fifty-four)

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(Continued from page fifty-two)

don't want a drink—not here. I'm going to buy one in the bar—and don't you come after me!"

Perched on a stool at the bar, she decided that her rage had been rather childish. You couldn't expect to be understood if you ignored some conventions and stood firm on others. She couldn't blame Hal at all.

Underfoot she felt the throb of engines; through the windows she saw pale sunlight piercing the thinning fog; off to the left was a rocky coast line. So they were going to put into Halifax, after all.

Up the long harbor, past the bare bluffs, the Athena slowly nosed her way toward the Halifax pier. George Grendel, in a deck chair on the promenade, was peacefully smoking a cigar when Bryant came up.

"Well, George, we got our break. Are you all packed?"

"No. I'm not going, Ed."

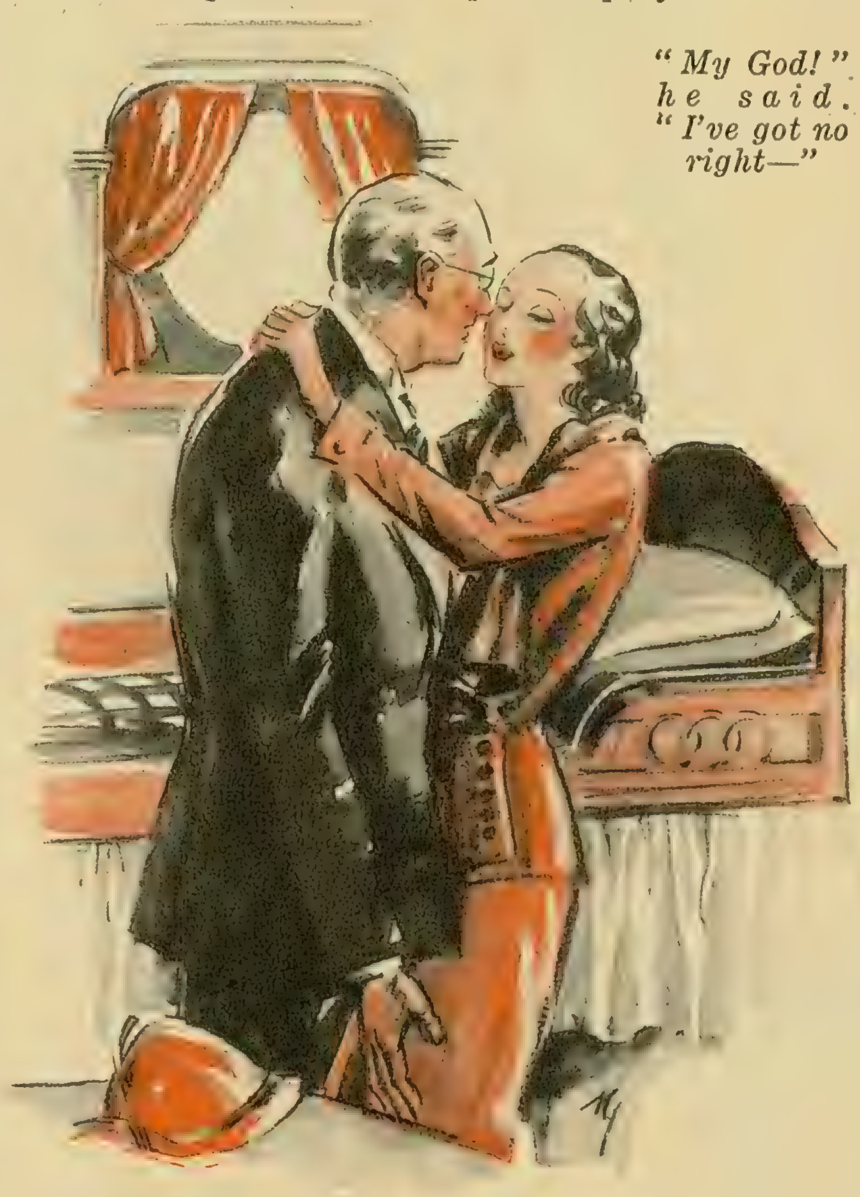
"What? When all you have to do is to step off the boat? If you think Stannard will let you off with a suspended sentence—"

"I don't. But I'll take what's coming to me. W. W. and the Governor needn't worry. I won't talk."

"But if you refuse to answer it will be as bad as if you talked."

"Well, what of it?" Grendel growled. "They knew what they were doing as well as I did. None of us meant any harm, but we did it."

"So you're going back?" said Bryant. "You'll be sorry, George."



"My God!" he said. "I've got no right—"

LOOKING into that expressionless face, Grendel felt a chill crawling up his spine.

"Just what decided you, George?" Bryant asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. That Malotte girl— No, I don't think she's watching me at all. She's been playing bridge all morning—didn't even see me when I looked into the lounge. Seeing her around has kind of—dramatized what I've done, Ed. I've known that girl all her life—offered to lend her some money when her father died broke. She'd wanted to travel and look around before she settled down. But she said till she could travel on her own money she'd stay at home. So she got a job, and saved her money—and put it in my bank. Ed, I'll be damned if I'll run off and live in Europe on money I owe people like her! I'm going home."

"I see. But you're going ashore for an hour, aren't you? No? Why not?"

Grendel pointed at the union jack flying above a harbor fort.

"That's why. Foreign soil—the British flag. If I went ashore I might not have the guts to come back."

"Then there's no more I can do for you?" said Bryant. "Well, George, I guess I'll get off, and stay off. I've been wanting to spend a little holiday in Nova Scotia."

Grendel saw him go with relief. He might have been less relieved if he had seen Bryant in conference, presently, with two men in a Halifax hotel—a bull-necked man with broad shoulders, a slim man with shifty eyes.

"No, you don't take him to Montreal," he told them. "He's staying aboard, and I'm taking a night train down to New York. But I want you two to go aboard. And there's a grand apiece extra in it for you if you walk into Mr. Graham Garrison's suite, just before daylight Monday, and tip him over the rail of his private deck. Slug him first, so he won't come to—"

"And then what happens?" said Sim, the shifty one. "A hot seat, huh?"

"No, no. Everybody's drunk the last night of a week-end cruise, and any stew might fall over the rail."

"But since that stick-up on the Cyclopic last month," said bull-necked Ernie, "there's always somebody from headquarters on the dock to see these cruises come in. If they see Sim and me get off, and this bird is missing, who do they take into the back room to ask about him?"

"They don't see you get off," said Bryant. "Nobody knows you're on. You go aboard as visitors. I've parked a suitcase in the forward washroom on B Deck; pick it up—you'll need it—and take it to B 87. That's an empty stateroom. Tell the steward you've moved up from a cheaper room. You're supposed to have a ticket for the move but you've lost it. He won't check up on you; they aren't fussy on these cruises. Eat in your room and you won't be on any list, so the immigration people won't wonder why you don't get off Monday morning."

"But what I wonder," said Sim, "is how we do get off."

"Easy. These ships slow down off Fire Island, and stop dead outside the harbor so the bar can stay open till daylight. Mike will be laying off there in his speedboat; I had a hunch that we might need him, if I couldn't get Garrison off at Halifax. Signal Mike with a flashlight—"

"How do we get to a boat?" Sim persisted. "Ernie used to be a high diver, but I don't go over the side. That ship looks a mile high."

"Eighty feet from A Deck to the water—and there's a rope ladder in that suitcase I left for you. You go down the ladder, Sim. Ernie casts it off and does his diving act with the whole Atlantic Ocean to drop into. And there's no trace of you—or of Mr. Graham Garrison either."

When he had left them Sim looked at Ernie sourly.

"Sounds easy, to hear him tell it. But, Ernie, we might get enough out of it to pay us for our trouble, after all. Why tip this bird over the rail? If I can go down the ladder, he can; and he would, if I stick a rod in his ribs. And if he's got as much jack as Bryant says, he might be willing to give up some of it to a couple of hard-working boys like us."

"Listen, Sim. If I was going to put the snatch on anybody, it wouldn't be somebody Ed Bryant wanted rubbed out. If we turn him loose—"

"We don't, sap. We see how much we can get out of him, and then we rub him out anyway."

II

THE gangplank was down. The week-end tourists trooped ashore to put Canadian stamps on picture post cards. And Beulah, who watched them from the companionway, realized that George Grendel was still aboard. Half an hour ago she'd seen him on deck and had resolved to follow him ashore—see where he went. But he hadn't gone ashore. Perplexed, she went back to the promenade deck—and there he was, peacefully smoking a cigar.

"Hello," she said, trying to be casual. "Aren't you going ashore?"

"No," he told her dryly. "Go and see Halifax, if you want to; I'll still be here when you come back." Her eyes widened. "I guess you know by this time I haven't got any woman with me,” he said. “You’d have seen us in the night club if I had. You thought I was making a get-away—and I did mean to. But I changed my mind. I’m going home to take my medicine.”

“Oh! I—I’m sorry, Mr. Grendel.” She wondered why she was sorry for a man who’d stolen her money and her friends’ money; but she was.

“You needn’t be. I haven’t felt so good in months. I may be a crook but I’m not a coward. Go ahead and see Halifax, if you want to—or if you’d rather,” he said, “sit down here and talk to me. I’d like to tell you how it was, so you won’t think—” She took the deck chair beside him. “Thanks,” he said. “Wish we could have a drink. The bar’s closed in the harbor—but we could order something in my suite, if you wouldn’t mind.”

“I think that would be much nicer than prowling around by myself.”

“By yourself? I—I noticed you’d met some friends.”

“Yes.” She flushed. “But I’m rather tired of them. They—they aren’t our kind of people.”

Five minutes later she was in the parlor of his suite on A Deck (it amused her to perceive that it was exactly above her stateroom two decks below); and when Vic Loring, who had looked for her vainly in the crowd debarking on the pier, had come aboard, and was being reassured at the cruise director’s office that Miss Malotte—formerly F 56, now C 32—must be somewhere around, Miss Malotte was just lighting her cigarette from George Grendel’s cigar while the steward uncorked a bottle of champagne. It was a relief to be with somebody from home.

An hour later she was still there—lounging on the sofa, finishing her third or fourth glass of champagne and listening to the man who paced up and down telling her a story. The story of the Pargren Corporation, that was to have made George Grendel a captain of finance, and might have done it but for the 1929 crash; and then of the desperate efforts to get money—anybody’s money.

“IT was crazy,” he finished. “Crazy and crooked. I can see that now. But it wasn’t meant to be crooked and it didn’t look crazy. I wanted—”

“I know exactly how you felt, George.” She’d never called her father’s old friend George before; maybe it was only the champagne that made her do it now. But he wasn’t much past fifty—and he had seemed twenty-five as he told her of those high-hearted ambitions of the boom years. “Just the way I felt,” she said, “when I took this cruise. Trying to—to get into things, to be somebody. We can’t seem to make it work, can we?”

“I don’t know. You seem to be getting along fine.”

She reddened. “About last night—” she said. “Listen—you’ve told me something; now I’ll tell you something.” With mild astonishment she heard herself telling him all about Hal Latimer. “So I did something crazy, too,” she finished. “We both ought to have stayed in Branchville where we belong.”

“You belong anywhere, the way you looked last night, Beulah. I was itching for somebody to dance with me.”

“No reason why we can’t do it this evening,” she said.

“You mean that? Damn! Why didn’t I ever—see you, back home?”

“Probably because I wasn’t wearing Fifth Avenue clothes.”

“No, it wasn’t that. I’d gone crazy about the Pargren Corporation. And it wasn’t money I was after, particularly; it was—excitement, an interest. My wife was dead, and I thought there was nothing left to do in Branchville. If I’d only had the brains to see what was right under my eyes—”

HER heart was thumping. This was preposterous. But it didn’t seem preposterous as he looked at her—young, for all his gray hair.

“But it’s a little late now,” he said acridly. “I’m going to jail.”

“You don’t have to start till Monday morning.”

Maybe that was the champagne talking; she felt a little blurry. But she was sorry, desperately sorry, for a man who was still young and must stay in jail till he was old. He’d made a mess of things—and she had, too.

“Beulah!” He drew her up to him, kissed her; then, holding her off—“My God!” he said. “I’ve got no right—”

“Oh, please don’t say that!” Her arms went round him in pity—for him or for herself? she wondered as her mouth met his. And now— This wasn’t pity!

“I’ve got no right!” he said. “I’m on my way to a place where there’s no marrying or giving in marriage. I mustn’t touch Jim Malotte’s girl.”

“I’m Beulah Malotte’s girl!” she blazed. And then, overhead, the whistle roared its warning; they heard shouts of “All visitors ashore!” Night before last she and Vic had heard that. Perhaps that coincidence reminded her that she wasn’t sure just what Beulah Malotte’s girl meant to do with herself. She stooped, picked up her hat, adjusted it before his mirror with trembling hands.

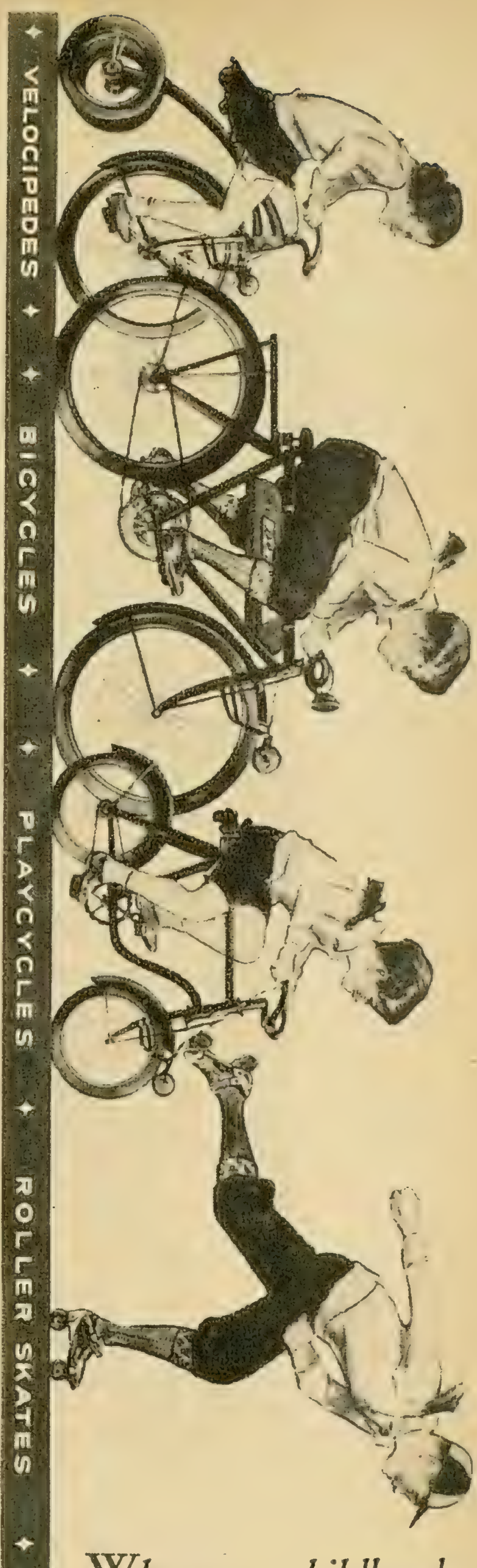
“Let’s go up on deck,” she said.

“You go,” he growled. “I’d better keep away from you, Beulah. All this is—a little too late.”

She smiled obscurely. Too late—or too soon?

“I’ll be quite offended, George, if you don’t ask me to dance this evening. Good-by—till after dinner.”

The Athena moved slowly down the long narrow harbor; and Beulah stood at the rail alone in the glow of the sunset. Her head was clear now. She was realizing that in another thirty-six hours she’d be back in New York—right where she had started—with thirty dollars left instead of two hundred. And what was she get-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ting out of her trip? Acquaintance with certain wines she'd never see again; and emotional contacts with two men she'd never see again either, because one of them lived in New York and the other was going to jail.

She heard Hal Latimer's voice at her shoulder: "Beulah! Are you going to give me a chance to square myself?"

"There's nothing to square, Hal. Please don't talk about it. It wasn't your fault. Anyway, it's all over."

"Then you'll be with us again in the night club?"

"If you like. That is," she said, remembering, "there's a man I met this afternoon— No, he didn't pick me up! He's an old friend—" Of my father, she had been about to say; but she didn't. "I promised him some dances."

"Bring him, too," said Hal, though not very cheerfully. "Your town is well advertised on this cruise. It's getting cold; let's go in and have a drink."

"Not yet," she said. "I want to look at this."

The Athena had reached the harbor mouth, dropped the pilot, begun to pitch a little in the choppy sea. A freshening wind beat in from the ocean, chill, damp, salty. Against the fading glow where the sun had gone down a ragged ribbon of waves was breaking white against the rocky coast.

"Lovely," Beulah sighed. "And I'll never see it again."

"But that's nonsense! You'll be coming East, going to Paris—"

"It takes time to save travel money out of fifteen hundred a year."

"But you can't mean to maroon yourself in the cornfields!"

"I might. After all," she said, "it's where I belong."

"You belong wherever you are. Why don't you stay in New York?"

"This is a poor time to hunt a job in New York, Hal."

"I suppose so. But if you think I'm simply going to lose you—"

"Oh, Hal! Don't be ridiculous."

"It will be ridiculous if I never see you again."

"Listen, my dear." She took his hands. "You're saying a lot of things you don't mean— Oh, maybe you mean them now. But Monday, when you're back in town, you'll wonder what you said to me and hope to God I didn't take it seriously. Well, I don't."

"Very sensible," he said. "I ought to feel that way too. But when you jumped up from that card table and walked away, and told me not to come after you—right then I knew you were a woman worth going after."

"But not so far as Branchville?" she said. "It does make a difference."

"You have trains to Branchville, don't you?"

"Come down to earth!" she commanded. "If a man comes from New York to Branchville to see a woman, it's taken seriously—by others if not by her."

"I take you seriously, Beulah. I'm afraid of your kind of women. After I got over Madge I swore I'd never go in off the deep end again, but—"

"We'd better stick to the shallow end, Hal. After all, when it will all be over Monday morning—"

"You can stick around New York a few days."

"On whose money?" she asked him.

"Damn! I keep forgetting that. Anyway, you'll dine with me Monday evening, won't you?"

SHE nodded. He looked at her, comically timid.

"Go on and kiss me if you want to," she said. "It isn't premature any more." So he did; and even as he was kissing her she reflected that this was becoming very complicated. "No—that's enough, Hal. Let's go and get that drink you promised me."

Arm in arm, they started down the deck, marching briskly ahead of the raw wind. She was tingling all over. She was letting two men make love to her, and liking it—with thirty-six hours of the desert-island psychology still ahead of her. She wondered if it mattered.

A solitary stroller came along the deck. His face grew visible under the lights. With a gasp, she stopped so suddenly that Latimer stumbled as she let go his arm.

"Vic Loring!" she exploded. "What on earth are you doing here?"

She might not have felt this gust of rage if he hadn't walked into that particular current of her thought.

His eyes were cynical, amused. "Why not?" he said. "This ship's a public conveyance, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—" She remembered Hal Latimer, standing nonplused; her eyes turned toward him—a glance that was like a push. He shrugged, lifted his cap, and walked away. She turned back to Vic.

"I suppose you came to look after me?" she said.

"If you know so much about it there's no need of my telling you. You seem to be getting along well enough, anyway, without old acquaintances." He started to walk past her, but she caught his arm.

"Wait, Vic." She was meeker now. "Why *did* you come?"

"Well— Up on deck, that night, you asked me why I didn't come along. And when I was back on the pier, and that ribbon snapped that held your hand to mine—well, I wished I had. So I took a train to Halifax—"

SHE was shaking with silent laughter—almost hysterical laughter.

"Why, Vic Loring! You told me it was a—a cheap, second-rate thing to do—no place for our kind of people. And here you are!"

"Yes, here I am." His brown eyes were hard. "But it's a big ship, Beulah. If you don't want to see me—"

"Of course I want to see you!" She was trembling. "Only, Vic—you'll have to take things as they come. I've met some nice people, but they're not our kind. And I've sat up at the bar and bought drinks. And that man you saw me with just now—he picked me up."

"Well, I suppose that was the only way you could have met anybody. If you did it, Beulah, I know it must have been all right."

"What?" she gasped. "You didn't talk that way before I started."

"I made rather a fool of myself, didn't I? Never mind. I'll buy you a drink myself, if you'll wait till I put through a radiophone call."

"A phone call?" she gasped. There was only one thing he could mean.

"Beulah, did you know? But of course you didn't. George Grendel's aboard—under an alias! I've met him back home, and I saw him on deck. No, I didn't speak to him; but I've got to tell Stannard he's located."

"Why do you have to? He couldn't get away from the ship."

"No? Then what's he doing here? Grendel's the key man of the whole scandal back home. Stannard will radio the captain to hold him—"

"I wish you wouldn't, Vic. I've seen him, talked to him. He's going home to give himself up."

"Oh, that's what he told you, is it?"

"It's true. He could have got away at Halifax if he'd wanted to; but he decided to go home. He feels pretty rotten, Vic. The one thing he's got left is that he's going home of his own accord, to take it standing up. It wouldn't be decent to—to drag him home in handcuffs." She saw that he was unconvinced. "Why should you mix into it, anyway, Vic?"

"Why? Any good citizen who sees a crook at large—Besides," he said, "if I locate Grendel it gives me a big boost in politics. When Stannard's Governor—"

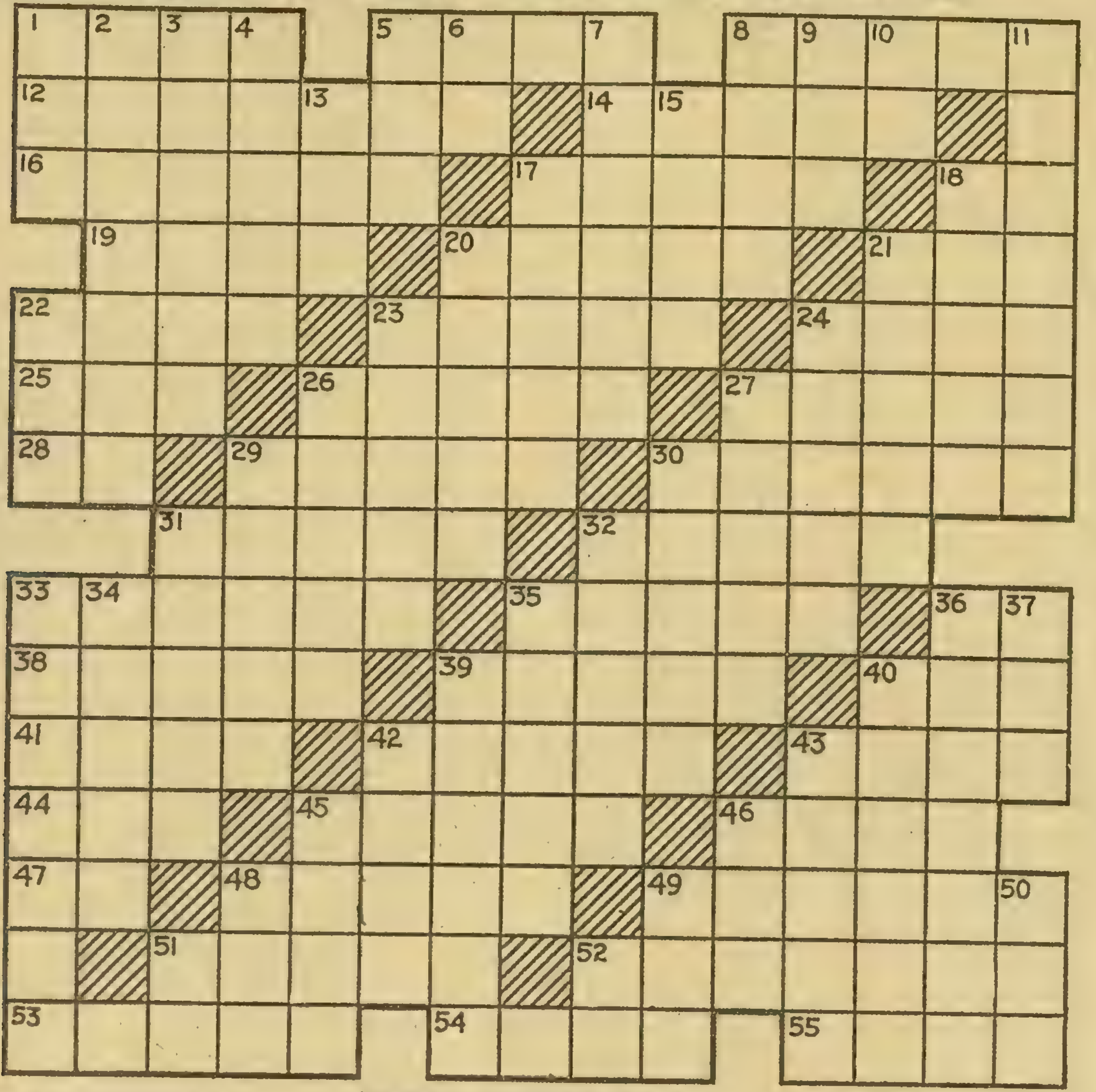
"Oh, I see." She felt less compunction, now, about using her last argument. "Vic—you didn't tell anybody you were taking this cruise; and I told Miss Matilda Presley you weren't. If it comes out that you were on board, after all— Well, she'll think we had the best of reasons for not telling her. And if she spreads that story around Branchville—"

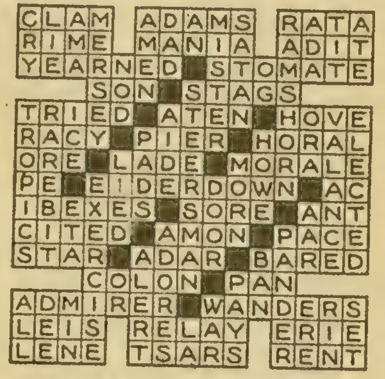
"My God! Of course," he said. "That settles it; I can't call Stannard. But I'm going to keep an eye on Grendel," he warned her.

What happens to Beulah, Vic, Hal, and banker Grendel in that last thirty-six hours at sea will be told in the concluding installment next week.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE





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CLAM ADAMS RATA
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IBEXES■SORE■ANT
CITED■AMON■PACE
STAR■ADAR■BARED
   COLON■PAN
ADMIRER■WANDERS
LEIS RELAY ERIE
LENE TSARS RENT
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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Greedy
5 Certain wading bird
8 A mark used by writers
12 Punishment for crime
14 Lessen
16 Endows
17 To make loose or relaxed
18 While
19 Color slightly
20 Affright
21 One of a particular fraternal order
22 A dog (slang)
23 Highways
24 Prevailing custom
25 Native metal
26 Slender threadlike outgrowths of an animal
27 More pallid
28 Exist
29 A blustering fellow
30 Religious service for morning
31 Central part of anything (plural)
32 A title of respect (plural)
33 Sets firmly, as if in the ground
35 Slight depressions
36 A parent
38 A mode of expressing words by pictures
39 Any cause of ruin (plural)
40 Alcoholic beverage
41 A shield
42 Peasants (Eng.)
43 Gone by
44 A vehicle
45 Measures of distance
46 Silkworms
47 The (Spanish)
48 Causes to rest by soothing influences
49 Wading birds
51 Passageway
52 Satisfied
53 Carries
54 Jog
55 A whirlpool

VERTICAL

1 A simian
2 Attempt
3 To write
4 To check by fear of danger
5 Pronoun
6 Near at hand
7 A preparation of herbs, vegetables, or fruit (plural)
8 A mass of matter molded into any form
9 Bewilderment
10 Prefix: again
11 Elephants having large tusks
13 Term used in tennis
15 Hinders or restrains from progressing
17 Frightened
18 Character in The Courtship of Miles Standish
20 Dirties
21 A genus of mollusks (variant)
22 A crowd
23 Adventitious sounds accompanying breathing (medical)
24 Companions
26 Wounds painfully
27 Portions
29 An extra dividend to shareholders
30 An abundant store (plural)
31 Small house often built of logs
32 Dispatches
33 Thwart
34 Based upon law
35 Natives of a Scandinavian country
36 Dispatch wrongly
37 An insect
39 A bar of metal
40 Secured advantage or profit
42 Natural elevation of land
43 To talk much and to little purpose
45 State of disorder
46 An eagle
48 Recline
49 Small bed
50 An inclosure
51 By
52 Prefix: with

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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VOX POP

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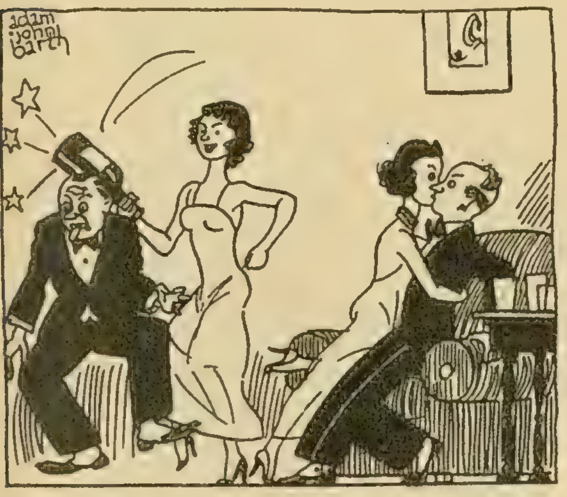
VANCOUVER, B. C.—Kindly permit me, an outsider, space for a few observations on your prohibition laws.

Before prohibition my wife and I had numerous good friends in the neighboring States.

Today we have very few. Friends, who before prohibition seldom took a drink, today make it their sole pastime and method of entertaining.



Some peculiar quality in your liquor at these festive gatherings make your fellow guests, particularly the ladies, most uncertain, a person never knowing whether he is to be kissed or crowned with a bottle, a condition which you will admit is not conducive to friendship.

Although I am not financially interested and rarely indulge in liquor I consider our government Liquor Act splendid, the mere fact of knowing it can be had when wanted making all the difference.

Thousands of your readers will no doubt wonder why I, a Canadian, should express his views on something that in no way concerns him, and the answer would be:

Just the same urge to interfere in someone else's business that sent dozens of your pussyfooters into Canada to speak in favor of prohibition when we voted it down so decisively.—*T. H. Desmond.*

Just an Old Magazine Custom

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I like your continued stories, but I have one complaint to make. Why do you always leave the hero hanging over the cliff at the end of your installments? That isn't at all necessary, because if the story is good, people will read it anyway; and if it isn't, they won't read it to see if everything comes out all right.—*A Constant Reader.*

How Did You Ever Guess It?

EASTON, KAN.—More than 2,500,000 Liberty readers prove to me that P. T. Barnum was certainly right.—*Vincent Striegel.*

Watch for It

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—Your covers are not always bad, in spite of what the Vox Pop critics say. Sometimes they make me just a little sad and sometimes very, very gay. I have one which I most extremely prize; for most a year it's hung upon the wall, and though bespecked by many naughty flies, the flight of time it still doth call. And now that '32 has nearly passed away, a troubled thought has occurred to me—Forget not, O sweet Liberty, I pray—our calendar for '33!—*Guy McElwain.*

One Moffatt to Another

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Mr. Dubuque Moffatt, please note. The middleman is not a philanthropic institution set up for the special benefit of the producer and consumer. He is an insidious parasite who lives on the fat of the land. He toils not, neither does he spin.

He makes more out of the produce than the producer and retailer combined and he is not necessary or essential to either.

Preposterous, you will say; but look. A case in point. A farmer sells his eggs for ten cents per dozen. They are then run through the middleman's highly efficient organization, and the retailer has to sell them at thirty cents per dozen to the consumer. Mr. Consumer thinks he will try direct contact.

He goes to Mr. Farmer and says, "How much for eggs?" Mr. Farmer puts on his glasses, looks at the latest daily paper, sees that eggs are retailing at thirty cents per dozen, so says to Mr. Consumer, "Yes, you can have my eggs for thirty cents per dozen," hogging all the benefit.

Now if Mr. Farmer had figured this way: "I am getting ten cents per dozen, you are paying thirty cents per dozen; we will split this and you may have what you want for twenty cents," he would accomplish three desirable things: he would have made a profit for himself, made a friend, and made Mr. Middleman go to work.—*J. L. Moffatt.*

Are We Smart!

HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF.—It certainly takes a good magazine to let people run a page like Vox Pop and still be popular. Of all the magazines the only one who lets you see your views in print is Liberty.—*Edwin LeBaker.*

That's Fooling You—Isn't It?

TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Just picked up Liberty, looking for the same-old rubbish and hoping to make Vox Poppsie's ears sizzle, when I consume Phil Wylie's Make Way for Marcia, swallows my pride, and read Lil McQuarrie's prize story, St. James' Island. Three cheers and congratulations.—*Grateful.*

They Certainly Voted Wet on November 8

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—I never imagined that I could be kicked into uttering a Vox Pop, but Rupert Hughes has done the trick. His frantic attempt to picture the American people adopting his raucous war cry, Beer or Civil War, reads like the last feeble ravings of a D. T. victim. It expresses a false, distorted conception of the real sentiments of the American people.

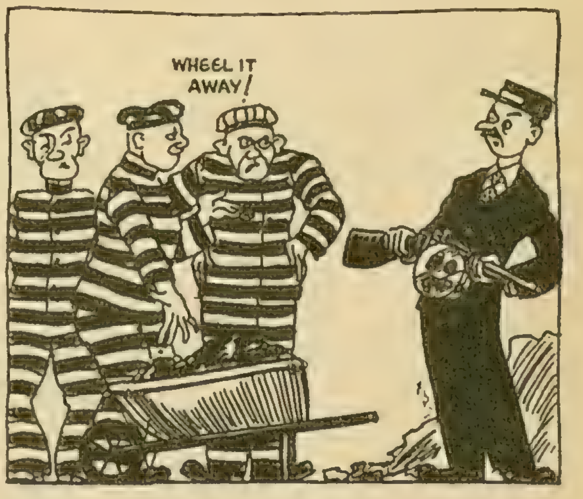
K. V. Haymaker

What they want is jobs, not jags. They want bread and beef and boots; while Rupert imagines that their highest desire is for beer and booze and buncombe. His article is a disgrace to the author who wrote it, to the magazine that prints it, and is an insult to the American people.—*K. V. Haymaker.*

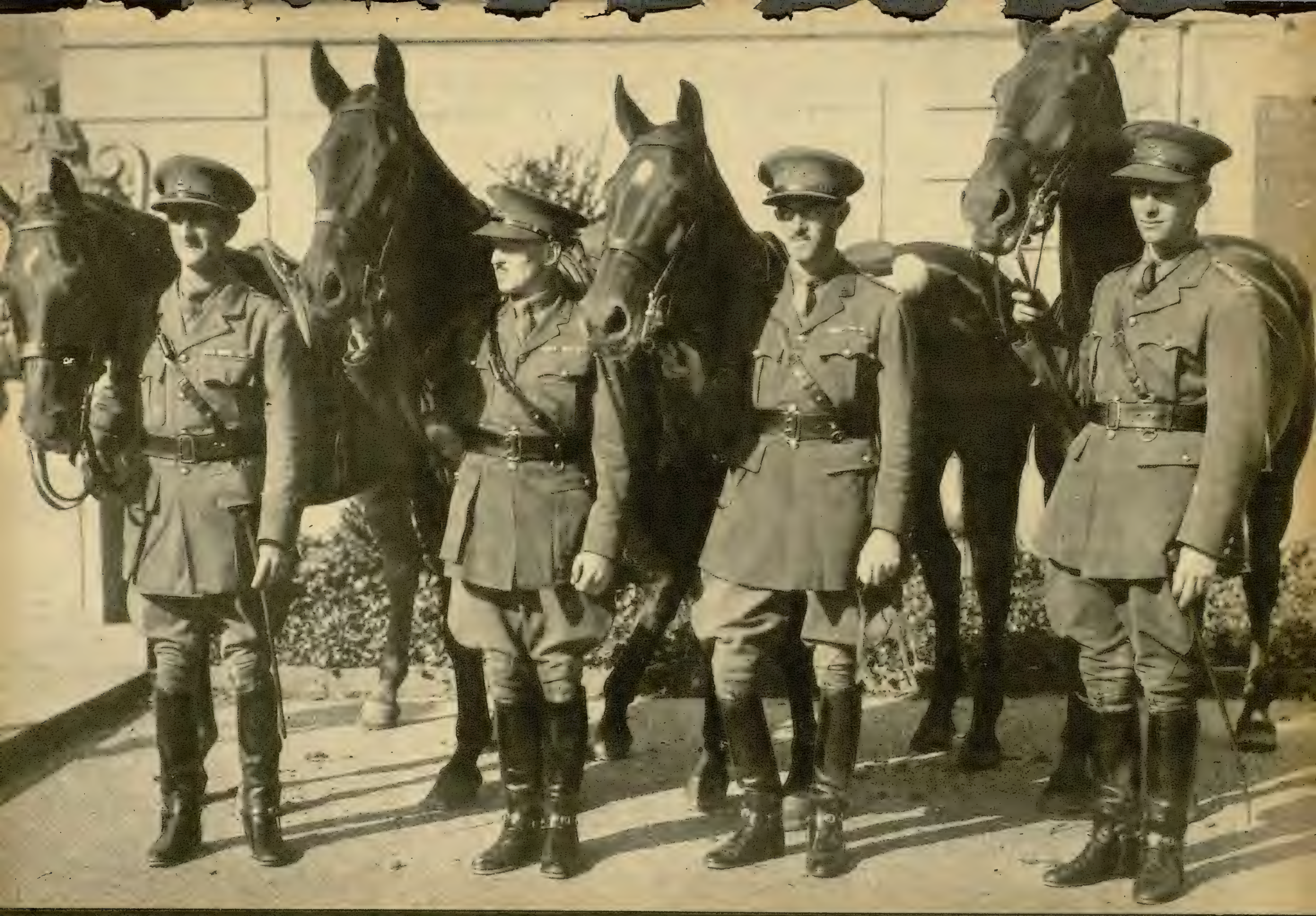
They Might Have Done It with Mirrors

BALTIMORE, MD.—The story entitled Time Out, by Paul Jones, published in the October 22 issue of Liberty, is entertaining, but here is a puzzler: Jones tells us that the two convicts, Willoughby and Spike, worked for eighteen months digging a tunnel from their cell to beyond the prison wall, and that Willoughby escaped through this tunnel, but he fails to explain how they managed to dispose of the material which they dug out. Were the guards so obliging as to carry it away?

And now, ye doubters and kickers, sit up and take notice. I herewith make affidavit that Liberty pays the promised awards in its contests. A few weeks ago I received a check for five dollars as prize for a limerick.

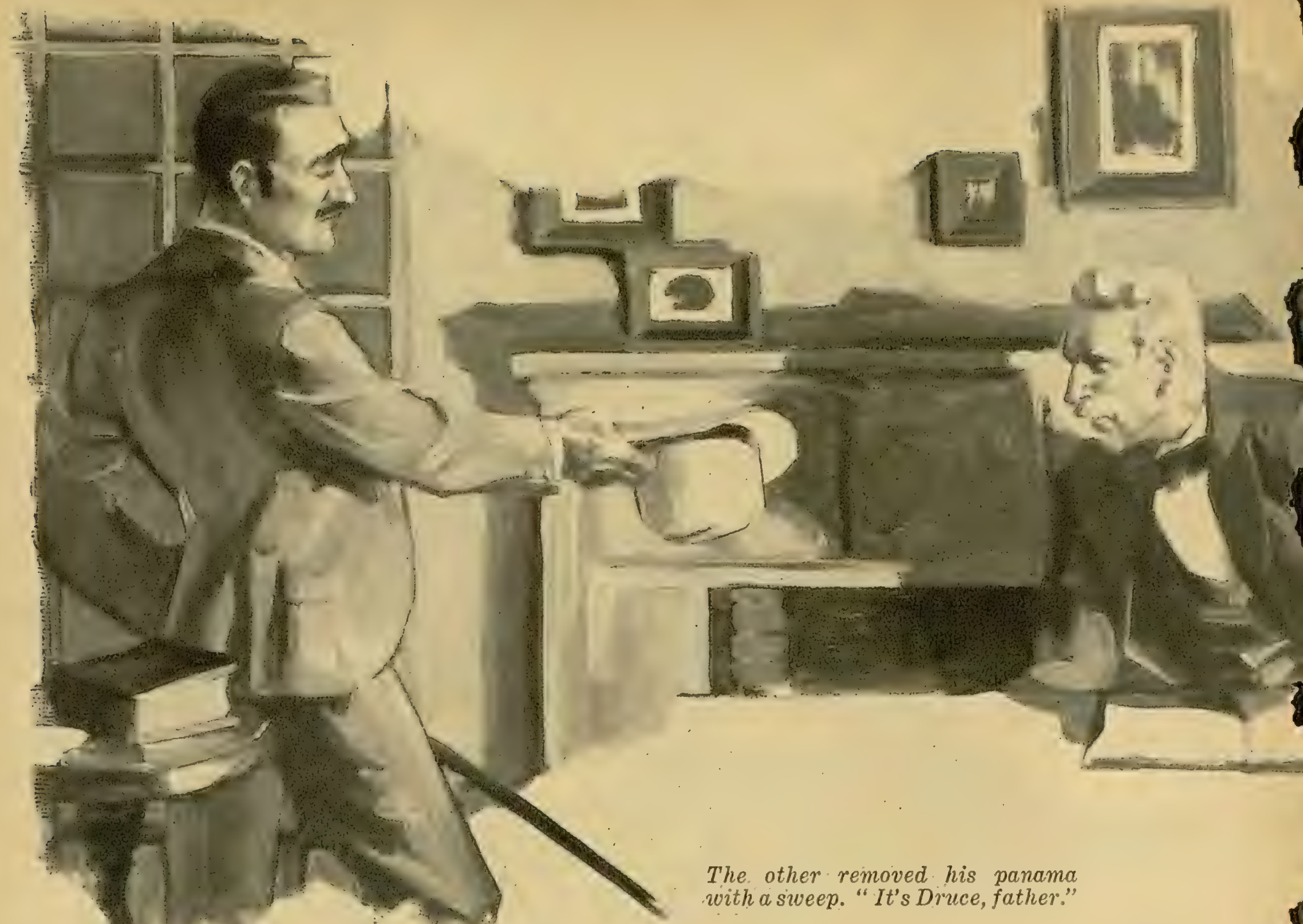

WHEEL IT AWAY!

For the last year I participated in nearly all the contests which Liberty held during that period, and at last I won a prize. Nothing like perseverance. I also have written three short short stories which were returned accompanied by a printed slip of condolence. —*Fritz Mergenthaler.*



Acme photo

With a brilliant performance, the Canadian Army team carried off the silver trophies for international officers' pairs of jumpers at the National Horse Show in New York last month. The team, from left to right, comprised Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, Capt. L. D. Hammond, Capt. S. C. Bate, and Capt. C. C. Mann.



The other removed his panama with a sweep. "It's Druce, father."

(Reading time: 6 minutes 36 seconds.)

CORNELIUS AGATE'S family had been the oldest in Marcy. He was the last of his line, save only for his son Druce, the ne'er-do-well whose sudden disappearance from the town was the second of his father's tragedies. Yet Cornelius Agate bore himself proudly still. A courtly old gentleman, they said, the soul of Southern punctilio. His piercing dark eyes, silvery hair, ruddy complexion at sixty, and tall, erect figure completed a personality regarded by the community as its chief ornament.

In his forties his appearance had been further distinguished by the Homburg hat of black velours that he always wore and the silver-handled ebony cane he always carried, though for the last decade he had discarded these adornments. He still lived in the large white house on the corner of Exeter and Union streets where the young and beautiful wife he had brought from New York had suddenly and so tragically died when their son was ten years old.

The boy had been unusually close to his mother, inheriting her tastes and literally worshiping her. Always in the hour before his bedtime they would be found by the bookshelves, the mother in a large wing chair, the youngster curled up at her feet, his dark head resting against her knees.

And on one of these evenings, after the boy had gone to bed, Cornelius Agate, busy till then in another part of the house, had come in to find his wife still seated in the library, a volume of poems fallen from one hand, a stiletto-like wound in her breast. She had been stabbed through the heart.

No possible motive was revealed for so cold-blooded a murder. No weapon was ever found. A library window was open where the intruder must have entered, but he had taken pains to leave no footprints.

Druce, the child, was heartbroken over his mother's death. He suffered a severe illness. After that he was always subject to morbid brooding. Though shattered by the tragedy, his courtly father had thereafter devoted himself to the small boy. Druce at the age of twelve developed a decidedly wayward disposition. Finally, when fifteen, he disappeared completely from the paternal rooftree after what, it had been admitted, was a violent disagreement with his father.

"Never have I seen such a change in a boy," Cornelius Agate said strickenly, "since his mother's death. I did everything for him that I could. Now he exists for me no longer."

This was after he had made the most strenuous efforts to trace the boy.

Tonight, as was his wont, the old gentleman sat alone at the large desk in his library, fingering a slim volume he had procured from his shelves. For a moment he glanced at the written inscription on the flyleaf. But he did not seem to be reading with enjoyment. The summer evening was darkening toward eight o'clock, and the long French windows behind his chair were wide open. Only one lamp in the room was lit, a yellow-shaded one on the desk.

Now, impatiently turning over a page of his book, the reader saw a shadow slant across it. He swung around in his chair. In the high dark window stood a tall figure dressed in a suit of summer linen, with panama hat, lightly swinging a stick. The intruder stepped across the sill even as Agate exclaimed, "Who are you, sir? What do you mean—" His hand was in the desk drawer which he had slid open.

The other removed his panama with a sweep.

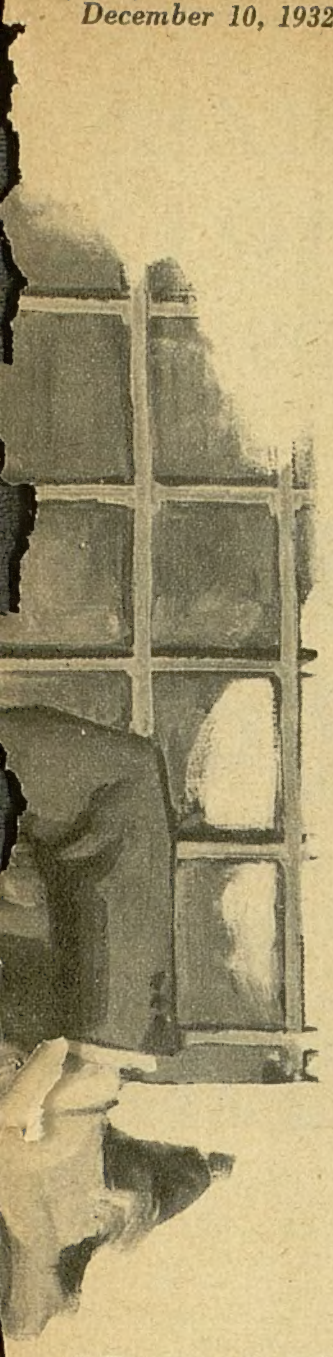
"It's Druce, father."

"*Druce?*" exclaimed the elder Agate. He sat as though pinioned. The other stood looking at him with keen dark eyes.

"Quite a while since you've seen me, isn't it? Yet it's Druce all right. Look closely!"

The old man sat rigidly upright, pale.

"Thank you, I will sit down," said young Agate coolly.



Allow Me, Your STICK!

The Story of an Untold Family Secret

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

" Emmons isn't here, I see, to take my hat and stick. In fact, I satisfied myself that it was the servants' night off." He ensconced himself on the opposite side of the desk.

" *What are you doing here?* "

" I have come back to report," said the young man crisply. " After ten years' searching I've found him. For a long time he lived abroad. I engaged his friendship. Or does that interest you? "

Some color had returned to the old man's face. " You have the advantage of me," he said, not without his usual courtly intonation but with a grim undertone. " I have not the slightest idea of whom you are speaking."

" No? " said Druce. " Perhaps I can explain—" Suddenly he broke off, to stare at the desk, drawing a sharp breath. His eyes glittered.

" Why, it's a set stage! " he exclaimed. " You're actually reading his book."

With a swift gesture he possessed himself of the volume. His eyes scanned the page. He intoned aloud: " '*Forever hovering over love denied*'— That's what she was reading that night, wasn't she? "

" I don't know what you mean! "

Druce's voice was taut. " I mean the night you killed her! "

" Stop! " cried Agate the elder. His hand came out of the desk drawer with something gleaming in it. But instantaneously the younger man wrenched it from his grasp. Cornelius shuddered back into his chair, gripping its arms. His lips writhed.

" Not *two* murders, father," said his son, " though I see you have been expecting me all these years." He slipped the firearm into his coat pocket. " I have a few words only to say to you. Before you married my mother she knew this Miles Pierson, the poet—"

" I am quite aware of that! " his father interrupted savagely.

" You thought they were lovers. You were wrong. If I hadn't proved that to my satisfaction I wouldn't be here. But you were ruthless. Murder of the utterly innocent is the worst murder of all."

" You're mad. Insane! I—"

" Here's the only letter my mother ever wrote Pierson. It's hardly incriminating, telling as it does of her happiness with you. He gave it to me quite voluntarily. Read it! "

Cornelius Agate stared at the faded page thrust beneath his eyes. As it was withdrawn he clenched his hands and half rose from his chair. " And may I ask," he cried, " just what this has to do with you? "

" Sit down! " commanded Druce, with a greater authority. " I am here simply to tell you that I've always known. Even as a child I felt it. Those days I stayed away from school I was spying on you. You never let it out of your sight. You even talked to it when you thought you were alone. One night I heard you. Then I knew."

" Knew? Knew what, you idiot? " His father's hands were shaking on the arms of the chair.

" Only this. Emmons always took your hat when you came in the house—but never your cane. Allow me! "

DRUCE whipped his stick from behind him, presenting it at the other's breast. It was of ebony, silver-handled.

" So," gasped his father, " it's you who stole it! "

The gnarled old fingers closed convulsively on the polished surface. There came a metallic click, and Druce sprang backward, a naked rapier in his hand. The empty cane remained with Cornelius. Druce turned the rapier quickly and thrust its edge toward his father. " Perhaps you made a bad job of cleaning it. Look closely, father! It almost looks like—*rust*—on the blade! "

The stick of the sword cane fell from the elder Agate's nerveless hand. Swiftly Druce retrieved it. The silver ring around the handle snapped as the weapon was sheathed.

" Well, father, this is good-by." He peered at the still figure. " Strange! I have hated you for so long. Yet now I hardly care whether you are dead or have only fainted."

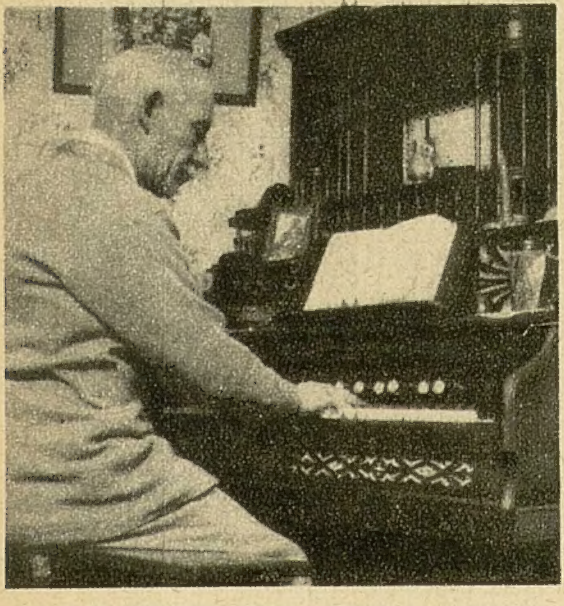
He stepped to the window without a further glance at the huddled shape that did not move. Long after the train that bore the younger Agate to his city had wailed its last thin eerie whistle it did not move.

THE END

$5,000 IN CASH PRIZES FOR SNAPSHOTS

LIBERTY WILL MAKE 51 CASH AWARDS TO THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

DON'T pass this up. Here's another chance to win easy money simply by sending in a snapshot taken in or about your home. Right now—this week—you can win the first cash prize of $100 or any one of the fifty other weekly cash awards. In addition, you have an excellent chance to capture one of the five $200 cash Grand Prizes, regardless of your success as a weekly prize winner. These $200 prizes will be paid after the last weekly contest is judged. Every entry during the entire ten weeks will be eligible for one of the five Grand Prizes.



It's easy to compete. Just send in a snapshot as directed in the rules. For your information we reproduce three snapshots which won weekly prizes in last year's contest.

Each of them delightfully captures an interesting flash of life at home.

Surely somewhere amid your home surroundings there is a snapshot subject capable of earning a Liberty cash prize.

(Above)
It's tough on Big Brother but Grandpa gets a laugh.

●

(Center)
. . . and even Congress can't balance its budget!

●

(Extreme left)
The old reed organ defies the progress of invention.

Look for it now. Get out your camera and take some snapshots. Send them in. You can't win unless you enter. If you file an entry your chances of winning are as good as anyone's. Quality of photography does not count as long as your prints are clear enough to be judged. It's the spirit of home life, the human interest captured by your snapshot, that counts.

This week's contest closes Monday, December 12.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE EACH WEEK

FIRST PRIZE	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID	$5,000

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants In The
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose PhotoFinishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

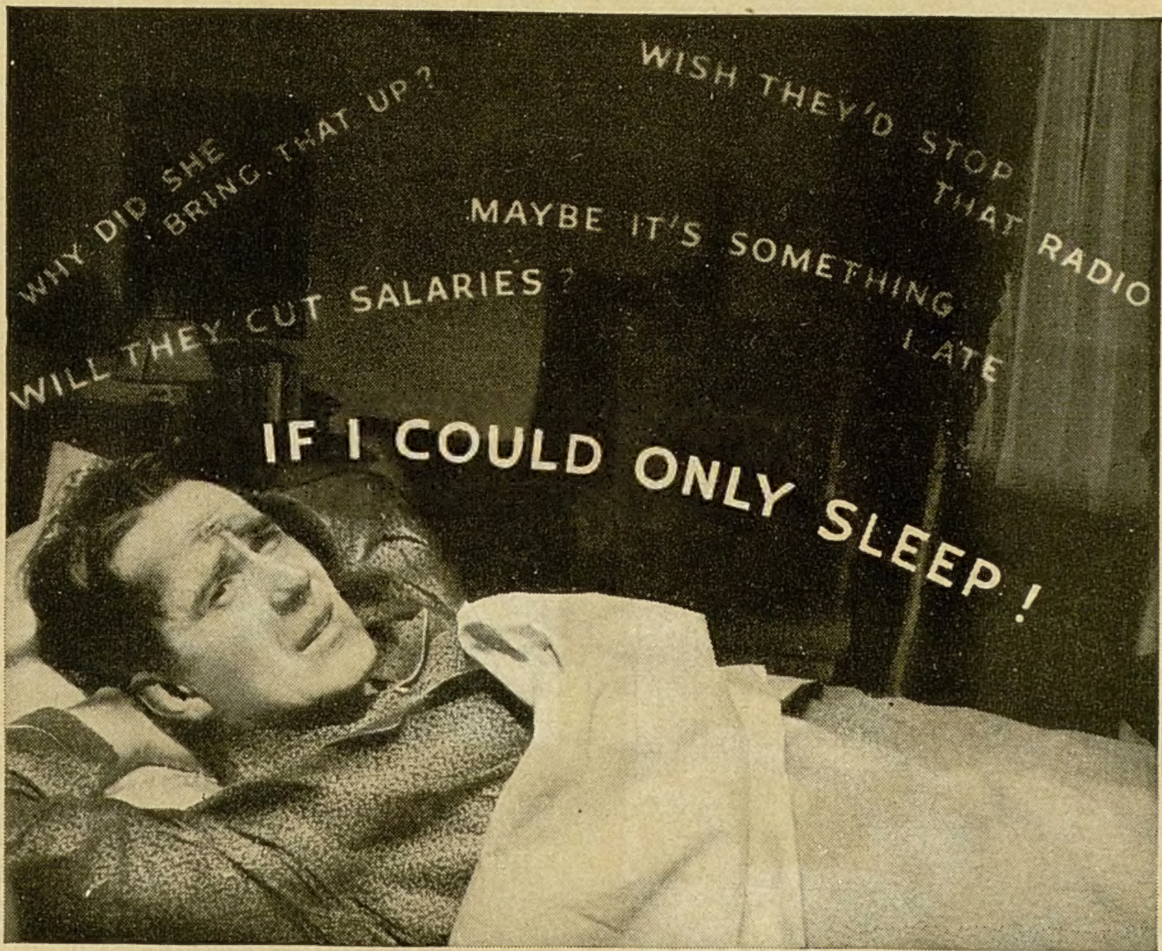
DEVELOPING
MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
PRINTING

The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada*

SLEEP COMES QUICKLY

This Natural, Drugless Way .... No Bedtime Tossing

See how much more *rested* you feel every morning . . . How much new vitality and pep you get this way


WHY DID SHE BRING THAT UP?
WISH THEY'D STOP THAT RADIO
MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING I ATE
WILL THEY CUT SALARIES?
IF I COULD ONLY SLEEP!

How long did it take you to fall asleep last night? Think back—and try to remember. Because if you have trouble getting to sleep at night, here's something that's important to know.

Failure to fall asleep quickly and naturally is a much more serious indication than most of us realize. For even when sleep finally *does* come, after an hour or two of restless tossing, scientists tell us that it is usually sleep of distinctly *inferior quality*.

In other words, it is not the sound, refreshing sleep your tired mind and body demand. But a deceptive, fitful slumber that fails to really *rest* you. With the result that daytime finds you feeling logy and listless—decidedly under-par.

Sleep That Really RESTS

That's why you find over 20,000 physicians today recommending Ovaltine—the food-drink that brings sound sleep, quickly without drugs. And why thousands take it *night after night*, largely on doctors' advice.

Due to its unique properties—*it greatly improves the quality of sleep*. And, when taken regularly, acts to restore the natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night.

Mornings you awaken refreshed, clear-eyed. Filled with new found vitality and energy. For this remarkable food-drink greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

How It Acts

Ovaltine acts three ways to overcome the main causes of restless, sleepless nights. These causes are (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest (3) nervous irritability.

First: Ovaltine, when taken mixed with warm milk at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood from the head. Thus combating mental over-activity—"conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation. Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin).

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

Start Tonight

So say "goodbye" to sleepless nights and heavy-headed mornings. Get acquainted with Ovaltine and see how soundly you sleep—how much better you look and feel.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits it brings. Observe how quickly you fall asleep *every* night.

See how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine today. Try it and see for yourself.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.* 930-R

OVALTINE
for restful sleep

Keep your mouth glands active . . . .

NATURE supplied your mouth glands with a salivary fluid to keep your mouth healthy. Modern living conditions check the flow of this fluid. Teeth decay. Bad breath and unhealthy mouth conditions prevail.

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING

Dentyne is a delicious chewing gum with a special formula which increases the healthful mouth secretions. As soon as you start to chew Dentyne a normal flow of saliva neutralizes mouth acids, cleanses your teeth and refreshes your mouth. A special ingredient in Dentyne keeps the teeth white.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE